

WARREN
MAGAZINE

SPECIAL GIANT CHRISTMAS HORROR ISSUE! WITH COLOR!



CREEPY

Volume
PDC
\$1.00

BETTER NOT
SHOUT...

BETTER NOT
CRY...



...BETTER
WATCH
OUT...

I'M TELLING
YOU WHY...

SANTA
CLAU'S IS
COMING
TO TOWN!
Page 39

MERRY CHRISTMAS



A FEW WORDS AND PICTURES ABOUT OUR BRAND NEW COMIC MAGAZINE.

THE SPIRIT is about to haunt your newsstand. Who, or what, is **THE SPIRIT**?

THE SPIRIT is a new magazine brought to you by Will Eisner and the people at Warren Publishing.



THE SPIRIT is Denny Colt, private eye, killed by the underworld. He's the mysterious masked champion of justice. The little man's justice. He's a stick of human dynamite in a blue business suit, with gloves that cover fists as hard as his granite tombstone in Wildwood Cemetery. He's the outlaw who secretly works with dour, pipe-puffing Police Commissioner Dolan.

THE SPIRIT is a comic strip like you've never seen. It's a progression of mind-boggling panels, drawn with stunning three-dimensional effects. Aerial views. Ankle views. Views through binoculars and camera lenses. Views right down the barrel of a gun. Pages and pages of panels so dynamic that your eye becomes part of each scene.

THE SPIRIT is a character, a comic strip, and a magazine of timeless proportions. It is totally different from anything on your newsstand today. Eight deeply moving stories grace the pages of each issue.

Stories of real people . . . not cartoon character limitations. Emotional stories. Stories of the little guy. Totally relevant to today's fast-paced, ever-changing world.

Eight pages of each mammoth issue will be in full color, rendered by the genius of comic art coloring. Richard Corben. Plus seven vintage stories in moody black and white by Will Eisner. All great stuff. All superb works of comic art. Fast paced, smart dialogue, fantastic freak shows of weird goons, crooks, fiends and victims. Brisk and breezy examples of what comic

books used to be and should be again. All carefully chosen from the golden age of **THE SPIRIT** years,



1948 to 1952. These are the 40's and 50's all over again. Who cares about the 40's and early 50's? We do. Fans do. And after seeing the first issue of Warren Publishing's **THE SPIRIT**, you'll care too. But listen.



CONTINUED ON
INSIDE BACK COVER

THE SPIRIT



OUR COVER
New York City becomes the hunting ground of a bigger Scott Dies on Christmas Eve, and millions of eager ghouls become bloodstained on his last night. Warren and Bill Butterman go for the first issue in the same year. "Where St. Parker?" Page 38

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CREEPY®

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ISSUE NO. 59
JANUARY 1974

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6 DESTINY'S WITCH She was just a poor servant girl. But she was studying to be a witch. And only one thing stood in the way of her ultimate goal. A bloodlusting vampire!

18 DARK AND VIOLENT PLACE An insane killer stalks the darkened theatre. And while scenes of violence fill the screen, horrors far worse await the movie audience!

32 SPARE THAT TREE Jennings was hanged... and left to rot as an example to all! He dared to cut down a tree in the Baron's forest... a tree the Baron called his brother!

39 BLESS US FATHER The alarm went out! "Stop the axe-murderer at all costs! He is armed and dangerous! His description is as follows: white beard, wearing a red suit..."

47 CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT Who would've thought that a town as small as Wilmot would become the focal point of an invasion from outer space? Nobody... alive!

55 NOT A CREATURE... Two years ago, Detectives D. Turner and R. O'Brien sat in their squad car spouting Charlie Brown philosophy, as the heavens dripped blood! Now...

69 CREEPY'S CATACOMBS Here's W.R. Mohalley, the kid who gets his name on the contents page of every Warren magazine. Just how does he do it? Better still, WHY?

CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.



Just a few words about CREEPY #56 "In my Father's House" surprised me in that I didn't figure (and probably no one else did) that the storyteller would end up dying! But there was fast action in the story and that made it good. "Insmouth Festival" was fantastic, not only with art, but with its mind-boggling ending. "Consumed by Ambition" was well told, a fine ending and some refreshingly realistic art.

I don't see why the werewolf in the full-color comic was called "Lycanklutz." He wasn't a clumsy werewolf, but I suppose to think up an ending like that one, you had to put some humor in the title.

On page 41, the art was superb and very realistic. How often do you see the muscles on a werewolf? Yet they are supposed to have superhuman strength you know!

Keep up the fine quality of the Warren Magazines.

GREG HUDA
Daily City, Calif.

"Sanjulian is the best cover artist since Frazetta!"

I am a French reader of your magazines, with a question for you! Could you send me the addresses of some CREEPY fans? I hope that some of them will write to me! If I'm eighteen, for I will be going to the USA in about three years. If I knew someone there, it would be most helpful.

I also hope that your posters will soon be available in France.

JEAN BARBAUD
Chalon, France

CREEPY #57 was great! "The Bloodlock Museum" was my favorite story, and Martin Salvador is one of your better artists. He deserves to draw one story for your comic.

One thing though: how come a magazine that features horror and can be bought by young and old nuts stories with nude scenes? Many kids, such as myself, who read and enjoy your magazines have to smuggle them into the house because our parents object to stories that include sex! A magazine as good as yours shouldn't need suggestive scenes in it. Think about it.

JOHN HOPKINS
Buffalo Grove, Ill.

CREEPY #56 was one of your best issues to date, starting with the sensational cover painting by Sanjulian. One of his best ever.

"In my Father's House" had good art by Arealean, and an absorbing story, until the rather incredible final page which destroyed my suspension of disbelief!

The mention of Lovecraft at the beginning of "Insmouth Festival" led me to think you were adapting one of his tales. I well remember the superb job you did on Poe and Stoker classics in some of your early issues.

"Lycanklutz" is probably the best story you've ever published. Richard Corben's use of color has been the most unique in comics for many years, and I hope to see him in your magazines consistently from now on.

You followed "Lycanklutz" with another excellent story, this one in a more traditional vein. Doug Moench wrote an exciting tale with an ending that truly shocked.

It might have been more effective, however, if the final page had been deleted! It added nothing to the story, and in fact took away much of the impact of the church scene.

As it was, it was open to two interpretations. One is that Alex was successful in raising the dead. The other is that the vicar murdered everyone, and subsequently dug them up.

"Bells of Kuang San" also was spoiled by a weak ending, but despite the flaws, it was a great issue.

GARY KIMBLER
Ontario, Canada

I am writing to congratulate you on fifty-six issues of high quality comic art. The Warren Era has always featured the best artists in a format that left them plenty of room for innovation and experimentation.

Now, with issue #56, comes the greatest achievement to date: "Lycanklutz" by Richard Corben. (Yes, it's even better than "Werewolf" by Frank Frazetta in CREEPY #1.)

Beyond being just the best artist in comics today, Corben's use of color goes far beyond what anyone else has ever done in the medium! And your new color section is the ideal place for it... fine paper, vivid color, and sharp reproduction. The tones and shading of the castle and the forest scenes were weird and beautiful.

"Lycanklutz" is a major step in graphic storytelling.

HAL MARCH
Danby, Vt.

I am not one to complain, especially about a group of magazines that has given me so many hours of reading pleasure, but if I were to keep silent, I would not only be doing myself a disservice, but you people at Warren as well. A magazine can achieve excellence only as long as its readers respond to its good points and bad ones.

The artwork! Definitely no complaints here. I can honestly say that the Warren magazines has the best line-up of artists extraordinaires in the known comic world. Esteben Maroto, Richard Corben, and the others possess an uncanny talent for graphic storytelling, and there is such a diversity of style and technique, that I am never bored or displeased.

But I am concerned about the new direction your writers are taking. The stories in your magazines have taken on an almost satirical aspect. Whimsies such as Steve Shazier, Don McGregor, and Doug Moench are constantly sermonizing on the evils of our society. This is fine for a story every other issue or so, but when this type of preaching shows up again and again in every issue, I feel it is a cause for concern.

A perfect example of this new trend is CREEPY #57. "The Destructive Image" was about as subtle as the proverbial sledgehammer. It made me feel as if the writer merely wished to impress the readers with his philosophy, rather than tell an entertaining story.

Doug Moench, too, an expert at inserting messages, and "Cow Spark" was no exception. It's not hard to see what Moench thinks of "dirty, rotten, greedy Capitalists." "Red Badge of Terror" is a statement on the futility of war, woven into the fabric of a vampire tale. If CREEPY #57 was representative of Warren magazines as a whole, I find it disturbing.

BRIAN SHUCK
Bowling Green, Ohio

In issue #56 of CREEPY, one of your ads were in referring to "a certain other comic book company" as invading your territory. First as a reader of this other publishing house as well, I know that they are very worthy competitors. Secondly, the fact that you do have a competitor haunting you, should inspire you to bring your magazines to an even greater level than your already high standards! And this is a healthy thing for all!

DANNY ROWE
Sidney, Canada



Reader Arthur Grapto feels that writer Doug Moench must be a genius to produce the stories he does. No argument here, Art!

"Lycanklutz" is a step ahead!"

I must say, CREEPY #57 was great. I must say the because I have been a big fan of Doug Moench for a long time and was happy to see he wrote four out of the six stories in the issue.

The "Destructive Image" started out well, but lost its at the end. Good art by Ramon Torrents, though. The best story was "Hope of the Future." Moench must be a genius to keep producing stuff like this. He works well with Jaime Broca! Put him to work permanently!

Keep Richard Corben by all means! His art is both weird and frightening.

One last point! The games on the inside covers. How do you expect me to have a neat collection of CREEPY's, if I have to rip off the covers? They're fun though!

ARTHUR GRISPO
Shimkown, N.Y.

That's easy, Arthur! Buy two copies of the magazine... or send away for extra copies of the game.

I've been a CREEPY fan ever since I purchased issue #1, with its promise of continuing the old EC tradition of illustrated horror and fantasy. I remained a fan through the lean years of the '70s and early '80s, when reprints and a lower quality of art almost turned me off. But then, as any of your ardent adherents know, faith in CREEPY's inherent qualities paid off. You have gotten better and better, not just carrying on the EC tradition of art and storytelling excellence, but consistently surpassing it!

I just write this note to thank you for the years of pleasure you've given me and for the exciting anticipation of the years to come.

RICHARD CALIGE
Plainview, N.Y.

The cover of #57 was a masterpiece! Sanjukan is the best cover artist since Frank Frazetta. Sad to say, the inside was not up to Warren standards.

Of the six stories in #57, four of them carried some sort of message. What happened to the days when CREEPY and EERIE displayed pure terror?

This is what made "The Low Spark of High Heeled Noise" the best story in the issue, although the rhyming story line served no purpose. Come on, Unix, Cousin Eerie is pulling ahead of you!

RICHARD ARTHUR
Winnipeg, Canada

First of all, I think you should make an apology! There are fifty states in this union and one of them is called Wyoming. Despite the fact that our population is not large, it doesn't mean that we don't like to read horror stories. After all, we aren't just a bunch of cowboys wearing six-shooters and fighting Indians. Why don't I ever see a letter from Wyoming in your columns?

Anyway, now that you know we are here, I'd like to make a few comments about CREEPY #58. My favorite story is "Consumed By Amotion," and I thought "Insmouth Festival" was the worst. I might have liked it better if I hadn't read "Shadow Over Insmouth" or any other works by H.P. Lovecraft first! But it seems you just can't touch the old masters.

STEPHEN SHALNUS
Cheyenne, Wyoming

I think I can justifiably say that Richard Corben's "Lycanklutz" stands as his ultimate color achievement. Reading it was like viewing a superior animated cartoon, and his experience in the field of animation is quite evident. The color dimension, and feel of "lycanklutz" was unforgettable and the script itself, highly imaginative. I was happy to pay \$4.00 for a story of this caliber. More Corben please!

LEEB ROBERTS
Lee Alton, Cal.

Lee, as great as Rich's work on "Lycanklutz" was, you can be SURE that the BEST is YET TO COME...

You've finally put out an issue that was worth the price I paid for it. CREEPY #56 had everything! Have Sanjukan do more covers like that one, and more color stories by Rich Corben!

AL McDERMOTT
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Siz, belde yenne getirmesidir, fakor ben kuluksudur fakor hayravon olarak bir nci ediyorum.

CREEPY'nin fanclub une bir turuk gogucu olarak eye olima, yani asla iyiyezim.

Genseke, bigimn odnesme Turgev olarak biffit gondermesine nci ediyorum.

Eger cevab verensem gerceklik gok menmum olisagane Tesekekuler...

TENEDOGAN HAYRI
Ankara, Turkey

Well put, Hayri! I couldn't have said it better myself!



Richard Corben's "Lycanklutz" has drawn nothing but praise from readers the world over. But you've already seen that in CREEPY #56. Here's a preview of a Corben story yet to come! "Terror Tomb!" Written AND drawn by Richard Corben!

CREEPY #57 has to be one of your best issues to date. "The Bloodlock Museum" was my favorite story, and writer Jack Butterworth kept me in suspense from first panel to last. The art by Martin Salvador complemented it perfectly.

"Red Badge of Terror" was entertaining, with all its hideous twists and turns. Doug Moench and Jose Bea seemed to go all out on that one.

I applaud your decision to keep Richard Corben on permanently! And I hope you will allow him to write more stories as well as draw them! His scripts are as imaginative as his unique style of art. What sayest thou?

That's it for now. Until

STEVEN SCHREINER
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

You'll be seeing plenty more of Rich's work in the months to come. Both art and scripting, Steven!

I am a collector of Richard Corben's work. So needless to say I was happy as a load with CREEPY #56. Corben is one of the true geniuses of comics, and "Lycanklutz" is a perfect example of why I say this. His faces, women's breasts, etc. look like flesh, not like print!

Let him do more covers, like the ones he does for FANTAGOR! It seems he has cleaned up his act a bit for your pages.

By the way, the printing job on this issue was among the best I've ever seen. My compliments to your exceedingly professional behind-the-scenes personnel! They should receive as much credit as your excellent writers and artists!

JACK GUERREIRO
Ontario, Canada

Kent Witherby and company, take your much deserved BOWS!

Would You Write a Letter to This Man?

We'd love to get them! Why not take a chance on a 300-year-old creep? Write! Send letters to:

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



THIS NIGHT, AS SO MANY NIGHTS BEFORE, LIZBETH'S SLEEP WAS RESTLESS... IT FULL HER DREAMS BROUGHT MONSTERS INTO HER ROOM... VAMPIRES, WITCHES, GHOULS! BUT LIZBETH KNEW... THAT SHE WAS PROTECTED FROM HARM BY THE WOLFSBANE ON HER PILLOW!

GOOD! THE WOLFSBANE HAS BEEN REMOVED! NOW I CAN DO...

HOLD IT, WOMAN!

ARA! SO YOU ARE THE VAMPIRE WHO'S BEEN SUCKING THE BLOOD FROM MY DAUGHTER, LISBETH!

NO, MR. CROMWELL! YOU ARE MISTAKEN!

EVER SINCE WE BROUGHT YOU OVER FROM ENGLAND AS AN INDENTURED SERVANT, THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN THE TARGET FOR THE DEVIL'S WORK. I'VE LONG SUSPECTED YOU WERE A WITCH!

WH... WHAT? FATHER?

IT'S NOT THE WAY IT LOOKS, SIR. I'VE FOUND THAT THIS PLANT WILL DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD FOR LISBETH. IT WILL ATTRACT THE EVIL RATHER THAN REPEL IT.

DESTINY'S WITCH

THESE GIRLS WHO PLAY WITH WOLFSBANE OFTEN SET THEIR FINGERS BURNING... ESPECIALLY IN PURITAN MASSACHUSETTS.



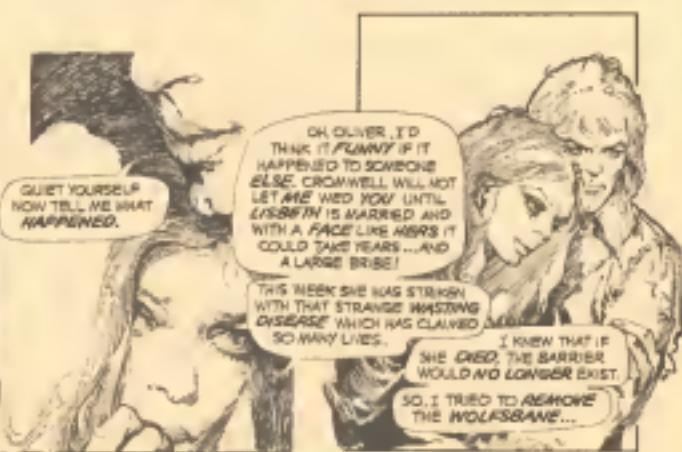
I LEARNED WHAT I KNOW FROM MOTHER HASTINGS... THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOODS.



WHAT'S HAPPENED? HAS LISBETH HAD ANOTHER VISITATION?

THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT IS...

DON'T RUN AWAY WENCH! WE'LL CATCH YOU, AND IT'LL BE THAT MUCH THE WORSE FOR YOU!



...AND FAILED! A HEARTBREAKING
TALE... OF ATTEMPTED MURDER!
YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL EQUAL
YOUR CRIME!

OLIVER... THANK YOU, SIR... FOR
DETAINING HER FOR US!

GO WITH HIM
FOR NOW, DEAR,
I'LL BE NEAR.

THE NEXT DAY... THE SAINTS, THE
DAY OF REST... WHEN ALL GOOD
CHRISTIANS GO TO CHURCH, THE
CROMWELLS ARE NO EXCEPTION.

WATCH YOUR
MOUTH, YOUNG
LADY! YOU DON'T
MOVE FROM THIS
HOUSE UNTIL WE
RETURN!

YOU HAVE TOO MANY
UNWISHLY BRUISES,
DEAR ARA. YOU COULDN'T
POSSIBLY GO TO SERVICES
LIKE THAT PEOPLE
MIGHT GET THE
WRONG IDEA

WHAT WOULD
THEY THINK, SIR?
THAT YOU PUNISHED
ME... BEAT
ME...?

ARE YOU
STRONG
ENOUGH,
LISBETH?

YES, MOTHER...
I CAN COME WITH
YOU.

BUT NO SOONER HAD THE CROMWELLS
DISAPPEARED OUT THE FRONT DOOR
THAN ARA FLEES OUT THE BACK DOOR
AND INTO THE DEEP WOODS...

MY GOD! THOSE
BRUISES! WHAT DID
THAT MONSTER
DO TO YOU?

MOTHER,
LISBETH? ARE
YOU HERE?

COME IN, ARA!
I WASN'T EXPECTING
YOU TODAY, MY CHILD. I
THOUGHT THEY FORCED
CHURCH ATTENDANCE
ONTO YOU.

PUNISHMENT?
THAT'S WHY I'M NOT IN
CHURCH. SINCE HE WOULDN'T
BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN IT
SATISFACTORILY, HE'S
KEEPING ME OUT OF
WORSHIP!



I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. HE SUSPECTS ME! I MUST MASTER THE TEACHINGS NOW... BEFORE HE TAKES ACTION AGAINST ME.

ARA TAKES HER LEADS AND QUIETLY ENTERS THE TOWN, ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED BY...

...WITH ALL BLOOD SUCKED OUT.

INDIANS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

I CAN ASSURE YOU, CHIEF, THAT NO PERSON FROM THIS VILLAGE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE DEATH OF THE INDIAN GIRL...

A WHITE MAN WAS SEEN LEAVING OUR CAMP LAST NIGHT. GIRL FOUND DEAD THIS MORNING...

STUDY THIS BOOK CAREFULLY. IT WILL TAKE YOU THE NEXT STEPS ALONG THE ROAD OF MASTERY AND DON'T LET CROMWELL DISCOVER THIS. IT WOULD MEAN YOUR IMMEDIATE DEATH IN THAT FANATIC RIDDEN COMMUNITY!!

WE HAVE NEVER DISCOVERED THEM BEFORE! HE WILL NOT DO SO NOW!

I CAN ASSURE YOU...

...OF MOTHIN'! FIRST YOU STEAL OUR LANDS AND GAME, NOW YOU STEAL OUR LIVES! BEWARE! WE SHALL PROTECT OUR OWN!

FROM THAT MOMENT, A GRIM BLANKET OF FOREBODING SETTLES OVER THE SMALL TOWN. ALL THOUGHTS TURN TO DEFENSE. EVEN THE PRATICALLY CROMWELL FORGETS HIS SERVANT GIRL.

CONFIDENT OF HER SAFETY DURING THE TIME OF CRISIS, ARA PROGRESSES DEEPLY INTO THE ROCK GIVEN HER BY HER TEACHER.

APPARENTLY THE PRECAUTIONS TAKEN IN TOWN HAVE DRIVEN THE MONSTER TO THE SAVAGES' VILLAGE.

BUT OVERCONFIDENCE CAN BE DANGEROUS. FANATICAL PURITANS ARE NOT LONG DISTRACTED BY INDIAN THREATS...

I HAVE LEARNED WHAT I NEED! IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE I COMPLETE MY REVENGE!!





A RA RUSHES PAST THE STRIKEN WOMAN AND
CUT INTO THE NIGHT...



A RA RUNS THROUGH THE
DARK WOODS AND
BREATHERS A SIGH OF RELIEF
AS THE FAMILIAR SNACK
COMES INTO VIEW... UNTIL...

WHAT'S HAPPENED
HERE? THE INDIANS?
MOTHER HASTNESS...
WHERE ARE YOU,
MOTHER...



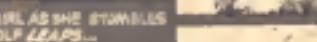


BUT THE TRIP OUT OF THE WOODS IS NOT AS UNEVENTFUL AS THE TRIP IN WAS...

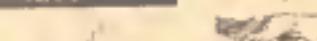




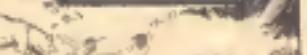
TURNING TO RUN IN ANOTHER DIRECTION,
ARA IS JUMPED BY THE SIGHT OF A
HUGE WOLF...



FIRST INDIANS!
NOW THIS! I'LL NEVER
GET OUT OF HERE
ALIVE!



ZORRO GRIPS THE GIRL AS SHE STUMBLERS
TO HER KNEES. THE WOLF LEAPS...



...INTO THE INDIAN
WINTERING PARTY...



DEAR GOD!



OLIVER!



MINUTES LATER THEY
EMERGE FROM THE TREES.



QUICKLY!
WHILE THE INDIANS
ARE OCCUPIED...
COME WITH ME



THE ATTACK
HAS BEGUN. YOU'LL
BE SAFE WITH THE
OTHER WOMEN IN
THE CHURCH. I
MUST REJOIN THE
FIGHTING.



BUT THE CHURCH IS NOT
ARA'S DESTINATION...



SO THE INDIANS HAVE
MADE IT THIS FAR. IN THEIR
FIRST CHARGE, I WON'T
HAVE MUCH TIME TO
DO WHAT MUST BE
DONE!

ACTING QUICKLY, ARA DRAWS THE SATANIC PENITENCEUM ON THE ROUGH WOOD FLOOR...

SOON I WILL NOT HAVE TO FEAR ANYONE... WITHIN MINUTES IT IS THEY WHO WILL HAVE TO FEAR ME...



WITHIN SECONDS, AN EXQUISITELY CRYED GLASS CATCHES ENOUGH OF LISBETH'S BLOOD TO ALLOW AKA TO COMPLETE HER CEREMONY...



I FEEL DIFFERENT... POWERFUL... UNBELIEVABLE!

YES, IT'S THERE... REALLY THERE... LIKE MOLTEN IRON KNIFING THROUGH MY VENAS. I'VE MADE IT... I'VE FINALLY BECOME A—

VAMPIRE!!!



WE'VE DEFEATED THE INDIANS, AND TONIGHT WE ALSO ELIMINATE ANOTHER SCOURGE.

OLIVER, STRIKE BEFORE SHE CAN WORK ANY OF HER DEVILISH ENCHANTMENTS ON US!



OLIVER!! YOU CAN'T MEAN THIS!! YOU KNOW ME!!

I SAW YOU STRIKE DOWN LISBETH WITHOUT MERCY! WE ALL SAW YOU DROWNING HER BLOOD!

IN THE FACE OF SUCH EVIDENCE, WE WOULD BE FOOLS IF WE DID NOT...



NOW! STRIKE NOW!

THROUGH HER PITTED HEART!

IT'S UNFORTUNATE FOR LARA THAT THE STAKE USED TO KILL A VAMPIRE WORKS JUST AS WELL AGAINST A WITCH, OR FOR THAT MATTER, AGAINST ANYONE.

EPILOGUE

THIS IMPRESSIVE AND SWINGER MONUMENT STANDS UPON THE GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE ARA... DESTROYED ALMOST THREE CENTURIES AGO BY A STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH HER HEART.

BUT WHY A MONUMENT FOR SUCH A HORRIBLE CREATURE?

IT WAS PUT UP BY THE COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY TO COMMEMORATE ONE OF THE FEW DOCUMENTED CASES OF VAMPIRISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

BUT INTO THE BUS QUICKLY! IT'S GETTING DARK AND WE'RE ALREADY BEHIND SCHEDULE...

IT APPEARS THAT ARA HAS BECOME QUITE A LITTLE INDUSTRY AROUND HERE. TOO BAD SHE ISN'T AROUND TO ENJOY IT.

OH, BUT I AM ENJOYING IT... OLIVER, DEAR!

YOU!!

IN THE FLESH! HOW GOETH THE VAMPIRE PROFESSION THESE DAYS? UNFORTUNATELY I'VE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH AND UNABLE TO KEEP TRACK OF YOU!

AN ORDINARY HUMAN INVITED MY LOVING AND WHEN THE WOODEN STAKE ROTTED AWAY AFTER 300 YEARS IN THE GROUND, I ROSE FROM THE DEAD... THIRSTING FOR REVENGE!

THIS IS SOME TRICK! I POUNDED THE STAKE THROUGH ARA MYSELF! SHE COULD'NT COME BACK! SHE WAS AN ORDINARY HUMAN!

WITCH OR NOT, YOU
CAN'T STOP ME: THE SUN
IS THE ONLY WEAPON WHICH
CAN DESTROY ME, AND BY
THE TIME IT RISES, YOU'LL
BE QUITE STILL?

THEN IF THE SUN
WON'T COME TO ME...
I MUST GO TO IT!

MOTHER HASTINGS
TAUGHT ME THAT WHENEVER
YOU COME TO AN OBSTACLE
YOU MUST...

I HAD A SATANIC
MISSION ON THIS PLANET,
AND YOU DELAYED IT FOR
THREE HUNDRED YEARS!
THE DEVIL DEMANDS
MY REVENGE...

THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING! YOU'RE
NOT A WITCH, ARA.
STOP THIS, ARA...
PLEASE!!

AND NOW FOR THE
EARTH BELOW! THE
SUFFERINGS, MARSHAL,
INJUSTICE... / SO MUCH
OPPORTUNITY! I
HARDLY KNOW WHERE
TO BEGIN.





A DARK AND VIOLENT PLACE

STORY: DONALD F. MACLEOD ART: ADOLFO ABELLAN



The End



THE THEATER MANAGER TOLD US THAT YOU ARE MS. JEANETTE GEORGE. YOU WERE THE ONE WHO DISCOVERED THE DECEASED.

I'M INSPECTOR BRANNON AND THIS IS DETECTIVE HARRY PHILLIPS. IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL US THAT MIGHT AID US IN LEARNING WHAT TRANSPRIRED HERE?

NO...
NOTHING!
I JUST FOUND HIM THERE WHEN
THE LIGHTS WENT UP. DO
I HAVE TO STAY, INSPECTOR?

I THINK NOT. IF YOU SHOULD REMEMBER ANYTHING... PLEASE CONTACT US.

AND I'LL HANDLE IT PERSONALLY.

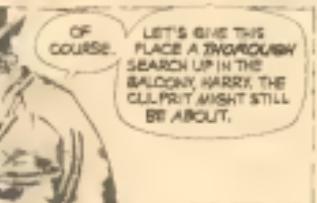
HARRY, YOU GREW UP ON TOO MANY GRADE B MYSTERY MOVIES...

...AND SAW A LOT OF 'EM RIGHT HERE... AS A KID, THIS JOINT USED TO GIVE ME THE CREEPS... STILL DOES, WHEN IT'S EMPTY LIKE THIS...



YES, IT DOES ECHO THE SOUNDS OF FOOTFALLS AND VOICES, DOESN'T IT?

AHHH, THE SPOOKY THING ABOUT IT IS... THERE WERE PEOPLE HERE JUST AN HOUR BACK! THE WHOLE PLACE PERSONALITY CHANGES WHEN IT'S EMPTY... FOR SORRYING... - HARRYING -



HEY, HAVE YOU SEEN THIS Flick YET... IT'S CALLED "WASTED'S LITTLE NUMBER"!

"WASTED'S LITTLE... WHATEVER!"

YOU'RE NOT INTO BLACK CINEMA, ARE YOU? YOU DON'T PUT YOUR MONEY DOWN ON THAT SORTA STUFF... RIGHT?

WRONG, BLACK SHERLOCK! I'VE BEEN SEEIN' MY SHARE, THOUGH WHAT THIS HAS TO DO WITH OUR SEARCH ESCAPES ME.



"NOTHING TO DO WITH
ASIDE... WHAT WE'RE DOING
IS WHAT YOU'D CALL
CHATTERING. SIDES, I THINK
YOU'RE DUCKAWAY THE
ISSUE... WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THE BLACK
FLICKS?"

"WELL, THEY'RE PROVING
THEY CAN DO WHAT TOO
MUCH OF CINEMA HAS
DONE IN THE PAST...
EXPLOIT THEIR
AUDIENCES, AND I KNOW
THAT ISN'T WHAT YOU'
WANTED TO HEAR,
DETECTIVE PHILLIPS."

"MORE OF THEM WILL
HAVE TO START
EXPLORING THE
HUMAN CONDITION."

"WAIT A MINUTE!
LET'S GO BACK TO
THIS EXPLOITATION
JAZZ. YOU WANNA
KNOW WHAT YOUR
PROBLEM IS?"

"NOT REALLY...!
BUT I DO KNOW
YOU'RE GOING TO
TELL ME ...
RIGHT?"

"RIGHT! YOU'D GDO
SOME JAMES BOND
FLICK. WHAT YOU
DON'T LIKE IS SEEING
BLACKS COME OUT
ON TOP FOR ONCE...
ADMIT IT!"

"WRONG AGAIN IF YOU
MUST BRING UP SUCH
THINGS AS BOND FILMS,
YOU MUST REALIZE
THEY ARE NOTHING MORE
THAN ENTERTAINING
ACTION FILMS, NOT
RACIAL POLITICAL
THESES."

"WHAT I DON'T
LIKE IS SEEING
RACISM COME
OUT ON TOP...
AGAIN!"

"WELL, IT'S
BEEN THAT WAY
FOR YEARS,
BABY."

"OH, I'LL GIVE
YOU THAT...
BEHIND
THE SCENES."

"BUT CINEMA HAS
DEALT WITH RACISM
FOR THE PAST 2 OR 3
DECADES AND WITH
AN APPROVING
EYE... BUT WITH
CONDAMNATION.

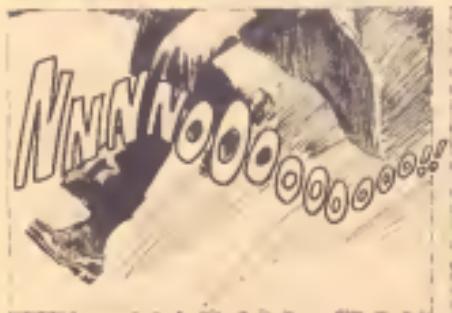
"AND THE
NAME'S
NOT BABY,
DETECTIVE
PHILLIPS."

"YES, SIR... SORRY.
THAT'S A NICE
JIVE ALIAS, YOU
GOT THERE."

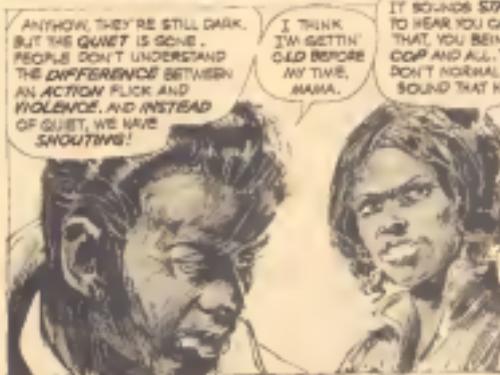
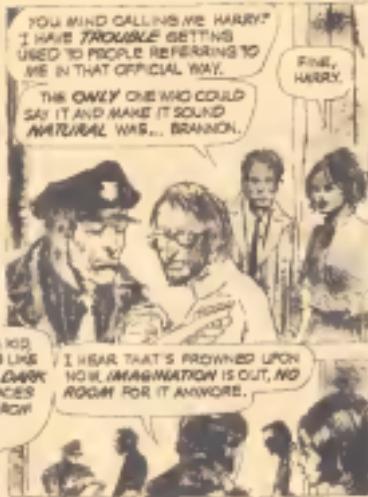
"WELL, IF YOU
THINK SO...
WHATEVER
IT IS YOU
SAID."

"JUST REMEMBER...
RACISM IS RACISM,
HARRY. IF YOU
BELIEVE ONE TYPE WAS
WRONG... THEY'RE
ALL WRONG."









HEY, FENNESSY! WANTA
MAKE IT OVER HERE FOR
A MINUTE?

HARRY, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT'RE YOU GOT IN MIND?



BUT I THOUGHT
YOU DIDN'T HAVE
ANY IDEA WHY
HE...

DON'T FRET, MAMA
YOU TWO'LL MAKE
THE **PERFECT**
COUPLE AT TOMORROW
NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE.

AND ME... I'LL
JUST BE DOING
MY CHARLIE
CHAN
IMPRESSION.



I WAS THINKING
'BOUT A LITTLE TALK
BRANNON AND I WAS
HAVING... AND THEN I
THOUGHT...
MAYBE THAT'S IT!



...SO IT JUST STARTED
COMING TOGETHER...
AND LIKE I SAID, I'VE DUG
ENDLESS ON THESE FUCKS.
MAYBE WHAT WE NEED IS THE
RIGHT KIND OF BAIT.
THE KINDA BAIT HE
CAN'T RESIST!

HAN, I'D BETTER HAVE
READ THIS THING **RIGHT**.
I THINK THE ONLY REASON
THE **CHEEF** DIDN'T COOL
THIS WHOLE IDEA IS
BECAUSE HE WANTS
BRANNON'S KILLER
SO BAD.

IF I'VE **BLOWN** IT
IT'LL BE A LONG
TIME BEFORE HE
FORGETS IT.



IT REALLY DEPENDS ON
IF HE'S STILL AROUND
THIS PLACE... BUT HE
SEEMS TO KNOW HIS
WAY AROUND HERE PRETTY
WELL... HE'S ONLY GOT TO
TRY FOR FENNESSY AND
JEANETTE! SO WE'VE
GOT HIM WHERE WE
WANT HIM!

WHAT DO YOU
THINK ABOUT
HARRY'S IDEA,
MR. FENNESSY?

YOU THINK
HE'S RIGHT?

WHO CARES,
MISS CLOUD...



...THE DEPARTMENTS
PAYING THE TAB FOR
THIS... AND I'LL CLUE
YOU... IT'S ONE OF MY
BETTER UNDERCOVER
ASSIGNMENTS.
BELIEVE IT!

CHRISTMAS / THAT DUDE JUST POLISHED
THAT OTHER CAT'S FACE
WITH ACID... MAHSE
BRANINCH HAD A POINT
HERE AND THERE!

HERE!
TASTE THIS
YOU...!!

DEPENDS ON
WHAT ALL THESE PEOPLE
ARE CHEERING ABOUT!
I GUESS IF IT'S THE
OLD GOOD OVER EVIL
SCHTICK AND ONLY THAT
... WELL, IT AINT TOO
BAD.

THING IS... I WONT'VE
THESE BABIES HAVE
NEVER SEEN JUST
WHAT ACID REALLY
DOES TO HUMAN
FLESH...

IT'S A TOUGH
THING TO CHEER
ABOUT FOR ANY
REASON!

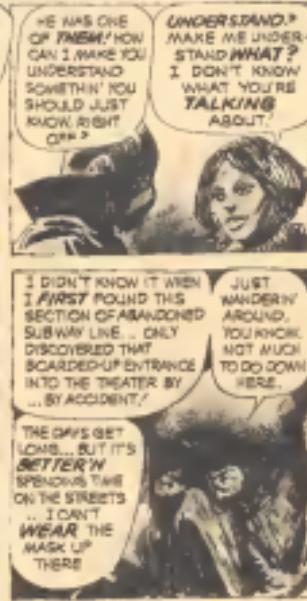
THE COPS
BEHIND THE SCREEN
HAVEN'T EVEN
SEEN HIM YET!
MAN, THIS CAT IS
QUIET!!

WHAT IN HELL
IS THAT IN HIS HA-
ACID! IT'S
GOTTA BE
ACID!!

HEY, MISS CLOUD,
YOU WANT TO CHOW
ON SOME MORE OF
THIS BUTTERED
POPCORN? I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THEY
CALL BUTTER... BUT
THIS STUFF'LL...

HERE...
TASTE THIS,
YOU...!!



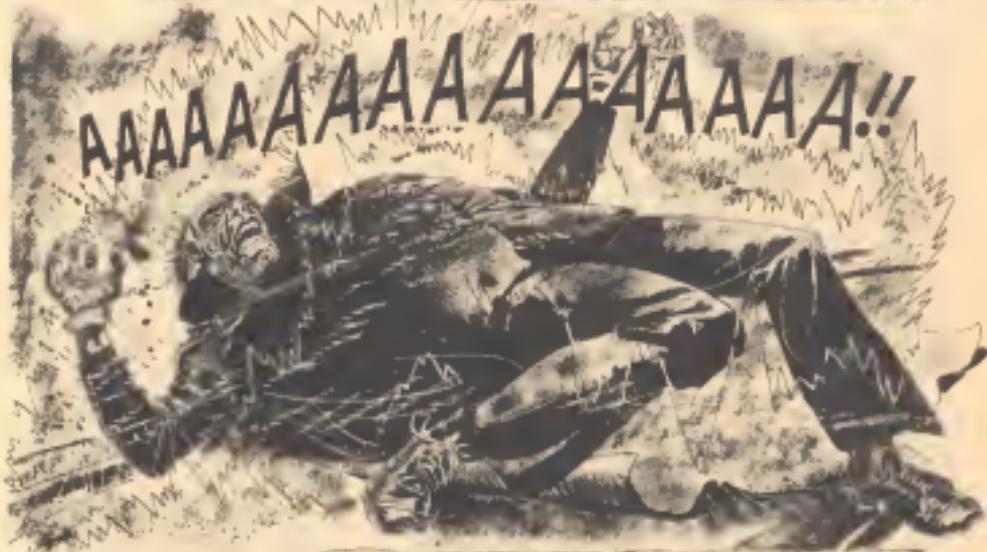




YOU... AIN'T... SPOSED
TO BE... ON... THEIR
SIDE! GOTTA MAKE
YOU... UNDERSTAND
THAT IT



AAAAAAA!!



OH, HARRY WHAT
A TERRIBLE WAY
TO DIE!

YOU GOT
IT WRONG,
MAMA...

...YOU SHOULDA
SAID... WHAT A
TERRIBLE WAY
TO LIVE!



"IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE, 1870/
WE ARE HAVING THE COLDEST
WINTER IN YEARS IN NORTHERN
ENGLAND. DR. AMOS PARKER
AND I WALKED UP TIME IN
MAKING OUR WAY TOWARD
THE HOME OF MY MISTER,
MR. EDGAR HOLLOWAY!"



"MY NAME IS NEWMAYER AND I HAVE BEEN A SERVANT OF THE
HOLLOWAY FAMILY ALL MY LIFE. SINCE MEETING HIS STAGE, I
HAVE TOLD DR. PARKER LITTLE OF MY MISTER'S JACKADEWS. HE
WILL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!"



"I HAVE
TOLD
HIM EVEN
LESS
OF THE
LIFE
WE
LEAD
ON
THIS
ESTATE!"



"HE WILL FIND THAT OUT SOON
BUSHY, TOC!"



"GOING HOME
ALWAYS COME IN
TREES" THEY SAY
SO HERES THE
FIRST OF A
TRILOGY OF
CHRISTMAS TALES
THAT'LL LEAVE YOU
SPELLBOUND...!"

SPARE THAT TREE!



"MY SHORTNESS OF BREATH
FROM THE HEADLINES MADE THE
WINTER COLD. ALL WAS
FORGOTTEN AS MY MIND SPUN BACK
TO MY BROTHER'S DAY..."



"I REMEMBERED HOW YEARS AGO, ONE
SUMMER NIGHT, MY BROTHER HAD BEEN
STRUCK OVER THE HEAD AND
BURNED ALIVE! AND NOW HE
DAYS ARE WAY OUT..."



"I REMEMBERED HOW THE
MISATTEMPTED, STRONG BUT YOUNG
MAN ON THE ESTATE INGENUINLY
ADDLED PITYFUL POOL!"



"THAT WAS WHEN THE HOLLOWAYS
DROPPED THE ANVIL ABOUT CUTTING
TREES. I THOUGHT THE TWO
INCIDENTS CONNECTED. I PROTECTED
PEOPLE LIKE MY MOTHER / THE
FAMILY ENCLAVEED MY BROTHER FOR
YEARS / OF COURSE SIR EDGAR,
WHO WAS JUST A CHILD WHEN MY
BROTHER HAD HIS MISHAP, MADE
HIM THE BUTT OF MANY PRANKS!"



"EVEN SO, I COULD NOT BELIEVE WHAT I
HEARD THE BOSS SAY NOW..."

SHOOT HIM,
GUARD, OR I'LL
WHIP THE SKIN
OFF YOUR
BONES!"



"...EVEN WHEN I HEARD
THE SHOT!"

KRICK!



"I DON'T KNOW IF SIR EDGAR EVER REALIZED THAT MAN WAS MY BROTHER OR NOT. I ONLY KNOW WHAT HE ORDERED ME TO DO AS HE REALIZED JAMES."

"AWAY THE FOOL'S BODY FROM A TREE AS A WARNING TO OTHERS!"

"IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, JENNINGS, I AM SURPRISED THAT YOU REMAIN IN YOUR MASTERS SERVICES."

"AFTER SISTER EDGAR BROKE UP, SIR, I RESCUED TO REMAIN HERE THROUGHOUT THE HOLIDAYS!"

"I THOUGHT YOUR BROTHER WAS SHOT TWO WEEKS AGO FOR CUTTING FIREWOOD, VENINOS!"

"SIR EDGAR HAS FIREWOOD FROM GINGER ESTATES, SIR. I MUST TAKE LEAVE OF A FEW MOMENTS SIR... I HAVE TO ARRANGE ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE SERVANTS CHRISTMAS PARTY! IT'S THE VAMPIRE'S OBSESSION!"

"SIR EDGAR AND I WENT TO BROWNS TOGETHER, JENNINGS! THIS DARKNESS HE WROTE ME ABOUT MUST HAVE ALTERED HIM TERRIBLY! BUT IF I CANWE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT, I CAN!"

"I SAW THAT BODY HANGING IN YOUR PATERNOSTER, SIR EDGAR, AND I KNOW YOUR POSITION WILL PROTECT YOU FROM PROSECUTION, BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHY WAS THAT MAN KILLED AT ALL?"

"I'VE BEEN SHOT EVER SINCE THAT DAY AND I'M DESPERATE TO TALK WITH SOMEBODY! ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU LISTEN! ILL TRY TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING!"

"NEADS AGO, WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I BECAME MORALLY ILL / PERTINACIOUS FOR MY LIFE. MY MASTERS CONVICTED A YOUNG VILLAGER, WELL-KNOWN IN DRUG LEGENDS! "

YOU CALL THAT DRUG RUBBISH? A CURE?

DON'T BE A FOOL. I'M NOT A TREE-WORSHIPPER, EITHER. BUT OUR SON'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!

"THE VILLAGER LED THEM TO A SAWMILL SOMEWHERE ON THIS ESTATE, THE INSTRUMENT THROUGH WHICH HE SAID HIS TREE-LOVING GODS WOULD CURE ME!"

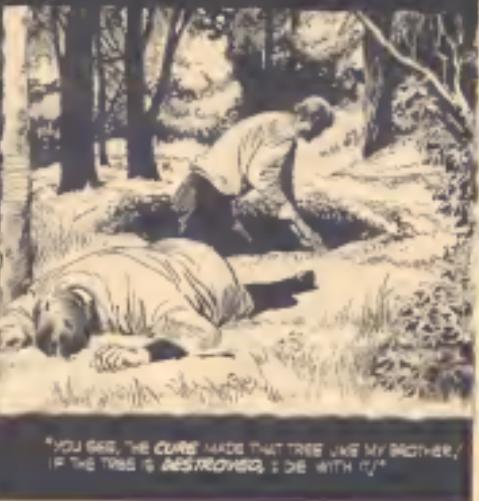
NOW THAT YOU HAVE SPLITT THE TREE, TAKE YOUR SON AND AWAY AGAIN. PARRAUNCH THE SPLIT THREE TIMES, WHILE I INVOC THE GODS' BLESSING!

"THEY RAISED ME THROUGH THE DAIRY ROUGH TREE WOUNDS. I REMEMBER A SOFT WARMTH, LIKE MOSS TOUCHING MY SKIN."



"THEN THE CURSE WAS COMPLETED AND I WALKED ON THE GROUND, ARMED, WHILE THE VILLAGER SQUAD UP THE TREE."

"YES, MY FAMILY HAD ENEMIES! WHEN MY MOTHER AND I WERE GONE, MY FATHER LOST NO TIME MAKING SURE THE VILLAGER WOULD NEVER HELP THEM!"



MOTHER WILL GO WITH YOU, SOHJU. I MUST REPAY THE MAN WHO CURSED YOU.

"YOU SEE, THE CURSE MADE THAT TREE LIKE MY BROTHER, IF THE TREE IS DESTROYED, I DIE WITH IT!"

MY FATHER
BURIED THE MAN
BY THE TREE HE
HAD USED TO COME
ME! IT WAS A POOR
WAY TO EXPRESS
GRATITUDE!

BUT THERE WAS
A PROBLEM... MY PARENTS
DIED BEFORE THEY COULD
TELL ME WHICH TREE IT
WAS! AND NOW I
THINK IT'S TOO
LATE!

"HAVING THIS MAN SHOT SACRIFICED ME DEEPLY.
WHEN I WENT TO CHURCH THAT MORNING, THE
MINISTER TRIED TO DRIVE ME OUT!"

THIS IS THE
CHRISTMAS SEASON... A TIME
OF BIRTH, HEALING AND
LOVE! AND IT HAS BEEN
DEFILED BY MURDER!

LET THOSE
WHO REPLIED THIS TIME
BEWARE THE SYMBOLS
OF CHRISTMAS AS THEY
WOULD BEWARE
SYMPTOMS OF THEIR
APPROACHING DEATH!

I ROSE TO ANSWER
HIM, BUT PAINTED
INSIDE, MY SERVANTS
BROUGHT ME HOME. BUT,
DON'T YOU SEE, ANDIS IS
THE TREE... THE TREE!
AAAH!!

OOWWW! GODD
DROIT BURNED
MY HAND ON HIS
FOREHEAD!

I CAN'T BELIEVE
HIS SON'S BURNED
TO A CRISP! BUT HOW
IN GOD'S NAME CAN THIS
HAPPEN?!

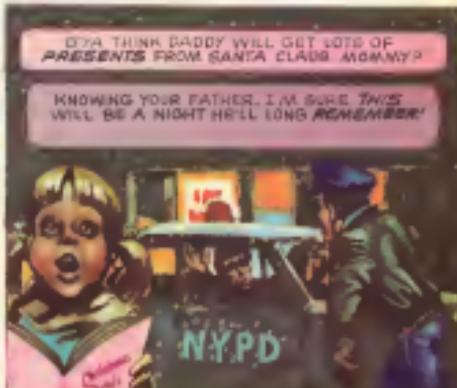




Bless Us, Father...



HOT HOT HOT! HERE'S OLD SANDY CLAWS CREEPY WITH A CHRISTMAS TWIST. JUST LOVE IT! BUT PAY ATTENTION: THIS IS MORE THAN JUST ONE MAN'S STORY...



POOR RANDOLPH. HE'S TRIED SO HARD
TO MAKE FRIENDS.

HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A
MAMA'S BOY, DOROTHY.



THE KIDS IN SCHOOL ALWAYS LAUGHED AT
HIM FOR THE WAY I USED TO DRESS HIM...
FOR THE WAY I LOOKED AFTER HIM...

SHE'S? THEY USED
TO PULL HIM...



THOSE RUFFIANS ALWAYS TREATED POOR
RANDOLPH SO MEAN!

HE HATED YOU,
FOR THAT DOROTHY.
BLAME IT ON YOU FOR NOT
LETTING HIM HAVE
ANY FRIENDS!



MOMMY, HOWCOM DADDY DOESN'T LIVE
WITH US ANYMORE?

WHEN YOU GET TO
BE A BIG GIRL,
MOMMY'LL EXPLAIN
IT ALL TO YOU BABY!

GOT AN
OTHER CHRISTMAS
MILLER FOR YOU
WILLY,

A REAL
ZINGO! ESCAPED FROM
THE NUT HOUSE
LAST NIGHT!



I MISS HIM, MOMMY! WHY DID HE LEAVE?

DADDY HAD TO
FORGET, HONEY!

CHOPPED
UP A WOMAN
OVER ON THE
WEST SIDE, NOT
FAR FROM
HERE!

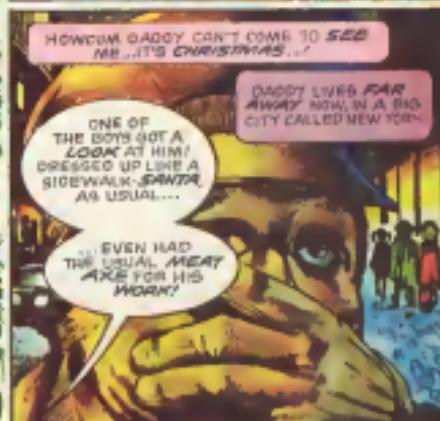


HOWCOM DADDY CAN'T COME TO SEE
ME...IT'S CHRISTMAS...

DADDY LIVES FAR
AWAY NOW, IN A BIG
CITY CALLED NEW YORK

ONE OF
THE BOYS GOT A
LOOK AT HIM!
DRESSED UP LIKE A
SIDEWALK-SANTA
AS USUAL...

EVEN HAD
THE USUAL MEAT
AXE FOR HIS
MOUTH!



LARRY! HE ALWAYS LOVED ME! THAT'S
WHY WE VE BEEN SO CLOSE!

WHO WILL YOU IF
HE HAS THE GATES?

IS NEW YORK PRETTY LIKE SAN FRANCISCO
ANYMORE?

NEW YORK IS A
BIG, CROWDY PLACE,
BUT...

THINGS
LIKE THIS JUST
DON'T HAPPEN
WHERE I COME
FROM!

THEY
ONLY HAPPEN HERE
ON CHRISTMAS.
JUST LIKE CLOTHES
WORK.

WATCH
OUT FOR HIM
WILLY—!

IT'S YOU HE'S ALWAYS HATED! THE WAY
YOU VE ALWAYS TELLED AT ME... ALWAYS
BEAT ME

WE'RE
ANGRY!

YOU'RE
ALWAYS DRUNK
ON CHRISTMAS.
DICKY! YOU'RE
A BUM!

YOU MEAN NOBODY
LIVES THERE?

NOT EXACTLY.
LAYER! SO MANY
PEOPLE LIVE
THERE THAT IT'S
HARD FOR THEM
ALL TO GET
ALONE.

LARRY!
WHY DOES A
THING LIKE THIS
HAVE TO HAPPEN
ON CHRIST-
MAS?

WHY
CAN'T PEOPLE
GET ALONG?

ALWAYS YOU BLAMIN' ME FOR RANDOLPH'S
SICKNESS! I DO MY BEST AND THIS
IS THE THANKS I GET!

RANDOLPH! DAD! RHYTHM
ROCK'S HEAVY IS WHAT
A GREAT MOTHERLY SONG
SHOULD BE! THAT'S CRAZY.

YOU MEAN THEY FIGHT?
LIKE YOU AND DADDY
USED TO...

YOU BEEN
SCREAMIN' AT ME
FOR TWENTY GODDAM
YEARS WOMAN...
I'VE HAD IT...

"CRAZY! DON'T YOU CALL MY SON CRAZY!"
HE IS SICK... THAT'S ALL! HE'LL GET BETTER...
AND THEN, MR. PERFECT-PATHER, WE'LL
SHOW YOU...



LITTLE GIRLS SHOULDN'T
BE SO INQUISITIVE!

CYAN
GIRLIE... WE JUST
WANT YOU TO
SPREAD A LITTLE
CHRISTMAS
CHEER...



AM... FINALLY
YOU ADMIT YOU'RE
TO BLAME FOR THE
WAY RANDOLPH IS?

AM... ONLY MOTHER
CAN DO THIS FOR YOU. PA-
PA HAS ANOTHER RUMBLE UP
TO HIS OFFICE. HE
THINKS HE'S BEEN
LOCKED IN HERE.
OH, HOW HE LONGED
FOR YOU, DOROTHY!



IS DADDY HAPPY IN
NEW YORK, MOMMY?

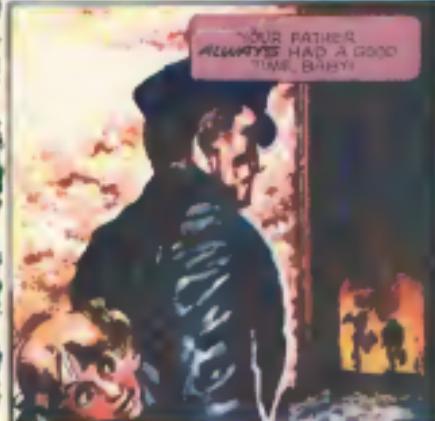


HE HATES YOU!

... I TALKED
TO DADDY
IN THAT PLACE...



SOUR FATHER,
ALWAYS HAD A GOOD
TIME, BETH!



YOU BLAME ME FOR THAT, TOO, DON'T YOU,
DACK? YOU BLAME ME FOR WHAT RANDOLPH
DID TO THAT LITTLE GIRL?

WERE BOTH
TO BLAME FOR THAT,
DOROTHY?

MOMMY, YOU AND
DADDY AREN'T MARRIED
ANYMORE, ARE YOU?

DO ALL FIVE-
YEAR OLDS ASK
AS MANY
QUESTIONS AS YOU
SWEETHEART?

WE NEVER GAVE RANDOLPH ENOUGH
LOVE! AND WHEN HE WAS SPURNED BY
GIRLS HIS OWN AGE, HE HAD TO
TURN ELSEWHERE FOR THAT LOVE...

THAT POOR, POOR
LITTLE GIRL...

DANIELLE'S MUMMY
AND DADDY GOT A
DIVORCE, TOO...

AND DANIELLE
SAYS THAT MEANS
SHE DON'T HAVE A
DADDY NO MORE!

...HIS CLOUDED MIND MUST
BE BLAMING HER FOR WHERE HE IS TODAY
—LOCKED IN THAT INSTITUTION!

A LITTLE PRIDE,
DOROTHY, OR NOT?
IS PARENTS...

IS DADDY STILL MY
DADDY, MOMMY?

OH, BABY! OF COURSE
HE IS! JUST BECAUSE
DADDY IS NO LONGER
MARRIED TO MUMMY
DON'T MEAN...

EEEEEEEEE!!

DO YOU THINK RANDOLPH IS HAVING A GOOD CHRISTMAS, JACK?

IF HE WANTS TO FIND A WAY HOME TO US, DOROTHY!

MUMMY, WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

I... IT'S NOT NOW, BABY, OR DADDY LIKE THIS... YOUR MOTHER JUST WONDERS IF SHE DID THE RIGHT THING...

I'M GLAD HE'S HAPPY FOR ONCE, JACK!

IT'S BEEN SO SOLOOM THAT POOR RANDOLPH HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO BE HAPPY!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MUMMY.

YOU WILL SOMEDAY LITTLE ONE...
...SOMEDAY...

WE HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT, DOROTHY. WHEN PARENTS FARE, THEY HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT UNTIL THE DAY THEY DIE...

EEEEE!! EEEEEE!!
BANG! BANG! BANG!

MUMMY, IS DADDY THINKING ABOUT ME TONIGHT?

OH, BABY, YES. DADDY IS THINKING ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME!

AND ON THIS NIGHT IN PARTICULAR, I'M SURE THAT YOUR FATHER IS THINKING OF BOTH OF YOU

YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF THE PARTY IN YOUR HORRIBLE

ZOMBIE MASK

by VERNE LANGDON

SO LIFELIKE,
THAT PEOPLE WILL
SURELY THINK YOU'RE

DEAD!

REALISTIC HAIR AND
SKIN JUST LIKE A
REAL ZOMBIE

-[YECCH!]-

**WEAR IT AT
YOUR OWN RISK**

THE ZOMBIE MASK COVERS YOUR ENTIRE HEAD.
PUT ON A SCARF, COAT
AND GLOVES WHEN YOU
WEAR THIS FANTASTIC
MASK.
WALK AROUND THE
BLOCK & THE NEIGH-
BORS WILL PROBABLY
GO OUT OF THEIR MINDS!
WOW!



CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. OS
P.O. Box 420, Murray Hill Station
New York, New York 10016

Pleasee RUSH me the Verne Langdon
ZOMBIE MASK. I enclose \$35.00 plus
\$1.50 postage & handling (Total
\$41.00).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S
OFFER GOOD IN U.S.A. ONLY

ONLY
\$30.00
plus

This fantastically convincing Hollywood ZOMBIE mask is made of heavy rubber and carefully painted by hand. It's very flexible, and fits the whole head perfectly. The mask was especially created by leading Hollywood makeup artist, VERNE LANGDON (you've seen his work often in the pages of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND!). Now you can have this eye-popping mask for your very own! Astound your family and friends and be the "Death of the Party!" That is, if anyone's still around after you take off this ZOMBIE mask!

PROLOGUE

SOME TACOS THAN WINE AND DINE ON CHIANTI AND SIRLOIN. SIMPLE PLEASURES TURN ME ON. MAYBE, BECAUSE I CAN'T AFFORD ANYTHING ELSE...

I'M JUST A SIMPLE CAT. RATHER FRY UP

... BUT THEY DO MAKE THE BIGGER PLEASURES ALL THE MORE WORTH WAITING FOR!

I TRY NOT TO LET MONEY HANG ME UP TOO MUCH. I MEAN, EVIL DOES HAVE ITS ROOTS, YOU KNOW. BEIDES IF IT'S TRUE THAT THE MORE YOU HAVE, THE MORE YOU WANT... THEN, YOU SHOULD BE CONTENT WITH NOTHING AT ALL...

HOP INKIN!
HOW FAR YOU GOING?

FAK AS
YOU'LL TAKE ME
UP TO AND IN-
CLUDING WILMOT!

SOME PEOPLE MAY CONSIDER IT FREE-LOADING OFF OTHERS HARD-EARNED ACCOMPLISHMENTS, BUT I TEND TO LOOK AT IT STRICTLY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF MAKING USE OF WHATEVER RESOURCES ARE AVAILABLE. BEIDES, WITCH-HIKING'S FUN, AND TRAVELING PREVENTS YOUR ENVIRONMENT FROM GETTING STAGNANT.

GOING TO SEE
WHAT THE BIG
BUCKUS IN
WILMOT'S ALL
ABOUT, ER?

YEP!

ON YEAH, ONE OTHER THING... BEIDES SQUASHING PENNIES ON RAILROAD TRACKS, THERE'S NOTHING I GET A BIGGER KICK FROM THAN FLYING SAUCERS AND MYSTERIOUS MEN IN BLACK.

BECAUSE I'M NORMAL! WHY
SHOULD I LET IT GROW LONG
JUST SO'S I CAN LOOK
FUNKY AND SAY I'M DIFFERENT. TONIGHT YOU AN' I
AREN'T DIFFERENT CAUSE ALL
YOU KIDS TODAY GOT
LONG HAIR!

AIN'T I
RIGHTS?

RIGHT
ENOUGH FOR
YOUR PURPOSES!

OF COURSE, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, IT HAS ITS DECIDED DRAWBACKS... BUT A FEW CONCESSIONS TO REALITY NEVER HURT ANYONE. AND IF A TIRED TRUCK DRIVER CAN PUT UP WITH ME, THE LEAST I CAN DO IS THE SAME.

YOU CAN'T REALLY
WEAR YOUR HAIR THAT
LONG! WHY DON'T

YOU GET IT
CUT?

GUESS I'M
A MASOCYST!

WHY DON'T
YOU JUST LET
YOURS GROW?

WHO WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT A THROUGHWAY
SPRING-TRAP LIKE
WILMOT WOULD EVER EARN THE
DISTINCTION OF
PLAYING HOST TO
THE MOST PIS-
TOL-SHEEDED
VISITORS SINCE THE
MUD HATTER
HAD ALICE OVER
FOR AFTER-
NOON TEA...

TAKE MY ADVICE
...CUT YOUR
HAIR, KID!



HOPES!
THANKS
FOR THE
RIDE,

SINCE I'D
SUCCESSIONLY
... MORE OR
LESS...
WITCHED A
RIDE I FIG-
URED I
COULD AT
LEAST PUT
OUT WITH
ENOUGH TO
COVER THE
LUDICROUS
GOING RATE
OF A CHEAP
HOTEL ROOM.

CHET... LOOK!
IS THAT A BOY
OR A GIRL?

YA GOT ME
RALPH! BUT
ONE THING IS
FOR SURE...

... WE
DON'T NEED ANY
TROUBLE-MAKING
HIPPIES IN 'DOWN-TOWN'!
NOT WHEN WE'VE
GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS
ALREADY!

LOOKS
LIKE IT MUST'VE
BEEN THE HOTEL
CLERK... AT
ONE TIME!

I ALMOST REPULSED...
BUT THEIR TAUNTING SPITHETS
WERE HOLLOW...
NOTHING MORE THAN
THE IGNORANT INFIDELTY
OF THE UNFAMILIAR. BESIDES I
HAD OTHER THINGS TO
WORRY ABOUT... LIKE
THE NEAR LOSS OF
MY LUNCH, THE
MINUTE I STEPPED
INTO THAT BLOOD-
SPLATTERED HOTEL.

Good
GOD!

...WHAT A
MESS!

JOIN ME NOW, IN A
GUESSWORKLY UNUGHT
TALE... A CHAIN OF REAM-
INGLY NEAPLICABLE EVENTS.
THE MYSTERY HAS JUST
STARTED, BUT YOU'LL HAVE
TO WAIT TILL THE END FOR
THE ANSWER! CAUSE YOU
ALL KNOW...

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

THE CELL WAS LIKE SO MANY OTHERS... CRAMMED WITH BARS ON ONE SIDE, CRUMBLING BRICK ON THE OTHER THREE. NO WINDOWS, A FOUR-FOOT LONG METAL COT WITH NO MATTRESS.

... THE LIGHT BULB WAS BURNED OUT SO I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH ABOUT THE CEILING S...

TALK ABOUT THE PERFECT SCAPEGOAT! JUST LIKE A COW LOPPING BURPLY INTO A SLAUGHTER HOUSE!

WITH A HIPPIE IN TOWN DISCOVERED NEXT TO THE STINKING CORPSE, YET, WHO ELSE COULD HAVE DONE THAT?

CHARLIE MANSION... YOU REALLY BLEW IT FOR LONG HAIRS!!

FIRST DEGREE MURDER... IT MUST HAVE TAKEN A REAL FILE OF BREAD BUT...



IT FIGURED! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL AND HER COFFEE WAS SLUDGY! A PERFECT COMPLIMENT TO THE STALE CIGAR-ETTE REMAINE WHICH WERE MAKING A CESSPOOL OF MY MOUTH...

YOU'VE BEEN BAILED OUT, FREAK!

I MEAN I'VE MET CHICKS IN WEIRD SITUATIONS BEFORE, BUT...

...THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WHERE'S YOU GET THE COIN TO BAIL ME OUT? IT MUST'VE TAKEN...

A LOT!
COME ON, YOU CAN STAY AT MY PLACE...

HERE WE ARE WITH YOU KNOWING MY NAME, FORMER RESIDENCE AND RECENT ESCAPADES... AND I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN YOU BEFORE!

WHO ARE YOU?
AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF BEING OSTRACISED FOR WHAT YOU DID ON MY BEHALF?

I'VE NEVER MET A STRANGER LIKE YOU, SO IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I SAY. THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN DON'T CARE FOR STRANGERS... ESPECIALLY HIPPIES

AND MEN IN BLACK FROM MARS!

MEN IN BLACK FROM MARS? IN WILMINGTON, INDIANA? HAVE YOU CHECKED TO SEE THAT NO ONE'S BEEN TAMPERING WITH YOUR SUGAR CUBES? BUT SOMETHING IS GOING ON HERE, LIKE THAT STRANGE SYMBOL INSIDE THAT HOTEL WITH THE BODY...

HIPPIE DRUG SYMBOL, AS FAR AS THE SHERIFF IS CONCERNED, LIKE THE PEACE SYMBOL!





THE ANCIENT MODEL-T WAS BRAND NEW, AND I WAS SWEATING EVEN THOUGH THE FAHRENHEIT WAS DEFINITELY COOLING IT...



SHE WAS BUZZED... SERIOUSLY... AND SHE WASN'T FRIVOLOUS WITH HER TIME IN TELLING ME SO,

THIS IS NO TIME TO BE FACETIOUS, MY FRIEND!

THERE HAVE BEEN THREE GHASTLY MURDERS IN WILMONT!

TWO PEOPLE WERE MURDERED LAST NIGHT... SHERIFF'S MEN INVESTIGATING THE UFO REPORTS WERE HORRIBLY MUTILATED... AS IF... AS IF SOME MONSTER HAD TORN THEM TO SHREDS!

AND I THINK I'VE BEEN MARKED AS THE NEXT VICTIM!

JUST BECAUSE SOME ECCENTRIC WEIRD GOWES TO YOUR DOOR ASKING FOR DIRECTIONS...?

NO! I MEAN... YES...

BUT THAT'S NOT THE ONLY REASON!

I'VE BEEN APPROACHED BY THE MAN IN BLACK TWICE NOW! THE FIRST TIME WAS THE NIGHT AFTER I TESTIFIED TO HAVING SEEN AN UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT HOVERING OVER A FIELD JUST TO THE SOUTH!

THREE! BUT I ONLY SAW ONE BODY IN THE HOTEL!

SHE MISINTERPRETED MY SURPRISE AS AN ACCUSATION OF LYING!

ALL RIGHT, THEN, WE'RE GOING INTO TOWN WHERE I CAN PROVE WHAT I SAW!

I DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE LYING... JUST FIND IT A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE, IS ALL.

SURE, THE UFO REPORTS FROM WILMONT WERE A CAUSE FOR CURIOSITY... THE FUNDY SUPPLEMENTS WERE FILLED WITH THEM... BUT WENDY WAS TAKING THE WHOLE THING TOO SERIOUSLY!

IT FIGURED THAT I'D GET HASSLED IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN A SMALL TOWN... THE NEWSPAPER IS USUALLY FIRST TO GET IT.

I'M TAKING IT ALL TOO SERIOUSLY, AM I? I DON'T THINK IT WAS JUST A LITTLE STRANGE THAT THE MAN IN BLACK WASN'T THE LEAST BIT COLD, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS FREEZING OUTSIDE?

AND HOW ABOUT THIS BRAND NEW MODEL-T? WHY DON'T HE KNOW HE WAS IN INDIANA? AND AREN'T THESE MURDERS ENOUGH TO GET SERIOUS OVER?

WHY SHOULD I LET YOU SEE THE FILES, MISS GRAY? AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ASSOCIATING WITH THIS HIPPIE SUSPECTED OF THE AFTERNOON'S MURDER AT THE MOTEL!

WHY SHOULD YOU? BECAUSE YOU KNOW THE LAW! THE LAW WHICH GUARANTEES ANY CITIZEN THE RIGHT TO INSPECT THE NEWSPAPER FILES!

PEACE?!
REMIND ME
TO LAUGH AFTER
I FINISH YOUR
MUDDY COFFEE!

FORGET THE
COFFEE...LET'S TAKE
A WALK, BUT YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO FEEL LIKE
LAUGHING! GET YOUR
COAT... IT'S COLD
OUTSIDE!

THE ANCIENT MODEL-T WAS BRAND NEW AND I WAS SWEATING EVEN THOUGH THE FAHRENHEIT WAS DEFINITELY COOLING IT...

SOMEONE
YOU KNOW?

UH, UH!

BUT SOMEONE NOBODY ELSE KNOWS... AT LEAST, NOT IN THIS WORLD!

NEITHER THE HOT COFFEE NOR MY OVERCOAT KEPT MY KNEES FROM RAPPING OUT AN UP-TEMPO BEAT IN ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE CHATTERING OF MY TEETH, BUT THE CAT IN BLACK INSIDE THE MODEL-T SEEMED IMPERVIOUS TO THE COLD... EVEN THOUGH HE WORE JUST A THIN SUIT... AND NO OVERCOAT!

I AM...
LOOKING FOR...
INFORMATION CAN...
YOU TELL ME...
WHERE I AM?

QUITE A JALOPY
YOU'VE GOT THERE,
FRIEND! I HAVEN'T SEEN
ONE OF THESE IN THAT
CONDITION IN AGES!
WHERE ARE YOU?

THIS IS WILMONT,
INDIANA! WHAT
TOWN ARE YOU
LOOKING FOR?

WILMONT...
IN... INDIANA...
THANK... YOU...
FOR... THE...
INFORMATION...

EVEN THE INTERIOR
UPHOLSTERY OF THE
ANTIQUE CAR SMELLED CRISP,
HEAL, AS IF
THE CAR HAD
JUST BEEN
DRIVEN FROM
A TURN OF
THE CENTURY
MODEL
SHOWROOM.

HIS EYES... HYPNOTIC...
I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING
TO GET IN THE CAR WITH
HIM, AT ANY MOMENT!
AS IF HE WERE COM-
PELLING ME TO
DO SO!

THAT, BY
THE WAY, WAS ONE
OF THE MEN
IN BLACK!

THAT SO?

I LIKE TO
WEAR BLACK MY
SELF ON OCCASION
... AND NO MATTER
WHAT ANYONE
HYPOTHESES TO
THE CONTRARY, I
AM A MAN!

THE MODEL-T
ACCELERATED AND RECEDED
IN THE DISTANCE... ITS ENGINE HUMMING IN
PERFECT CONDITION, WENDY SEEMED WEAK,
DRAINED OF ENERGY.

SHE WAS BUGGED... SERIOUSLY... AND SHE WASN'T FRIENDLY WITH HER TIME IN TELLING ME SO.

THIS IS NO TIME TO BE FACETIOUS, MY FRIEND!

THERE HAVE BEEN THREE GHASTLY MURDERS IN WILMONT!

THREE! BUT I ONLY SAW ONE BODY IN THE HOTEL!

TWO PEOPLE WERE MURDERED LAST NIGHT... SHERIFF'S MEN INVESTIGATING THE **UFO** REPORTS WERE HORRIBLY MUTILATED... AS IF... AS IF SOME MONSTER HAD TORN THEM TO SHREDS!

AND I THINK I'VE BEEN MARKED AS THE NEXT VICTIM!

JUST BECAUSE SOME ECCENTRIC INVESTIGATOR COMES TO YOUR DOOR ASKING FOR DIRECTIONS...?

NO!
I MEAN...
YES...

BUT THAT'S NOT THE ONLY REASON...

I'VE BEEN APPROACHED BY THE MAN IN BLACK **TWICE** NOW! THE FIRST TIME WAS THE NIGHT AFTER I TESTIFIED TO HAVING SEEN AN UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT HOVERING OVER A FIELD JUST TO THE SOUTH.

NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME YOU'VE SEEN A FLYING SAUCER...?

...SHE MISINTERPRETED MY SURPRISE AS AN ACCUSATION OF LYING!

ALL RIGHT, THEN WE'RE GOING INTO TOWN WHERE I CAN PROVE WHAT I SAW!

I DON'T SAY YOU WERE LYING... JUST FIND IT A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE, IS ALL.

SURE THE **UFO** REPORTS FROM WILMONT WERE A CAUSE FOR CHAOS... THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS WERE FILLED WITH THEM... BUT WENDY WAS TAKING THE WHOLE THING TOO SERIOUSLY!

IT FIGURED THAT IT'D GET HASSLED IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE. NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN A SMALL TOWN... THE NEWSPAPER IS USUALLY FIRST TO GET IT.

I'M TAKING IT ALL TOO SERIOUSLY, AM I? IT DIDN'T YOU THINK IT WAS JUST A LITTLE STRANGE THAT THE MAN IN BLACK WASN'T THE LEAST BIT COLD, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS FREEZING OUTSIDE?

AND HOW ABOUT THAT BRAND NEW MODEL-T? WHY DON'T HE KNOW HE WAS IN INDIANA? AND AREN'T THREE MURDERS ENOUGH TO GET A PERSON SERIOUS OVER?

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WHY SHOULD YOU? BECAUSE YOU KNOW THE LAW! THE LAW WHICH GUARANTEES ANY CITIZEN THE RIGHT TO INSPECT THE NEWSPAPER FILES.

HE GRUMBLED A BIT,
KEEPING UP HIS FAÇADE
OF RESPECTABILITY, BUT...

ALL RIGHT! COME WITH
ME! BUT YOU'LL HAVE
TO BE QUICK ABOUT IT...
WE'RE CLOSING
THE FILES
SOON!

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FILE RO

I KNEW
YOU'D SEE IT
OUR WAY,
WITH A LITTLE
PERSUASION,
THAT IS...

THERE WAS A SHELFFUL OF THEM... ALL MAUDING
TO SAUCER-TYPE UFO'S AND MYSTERIOUS MEN
IN BLACK WHO SUPPOSEDLY INHABITED THEM...

"HMM... THE
MURDER OF THE TWO
SHERRIFFS INVESTIGATORS
SEEMS TO BE TIED IN
WITH THE HOTEL SLAYING/
THAT SAME STRANGE
Z IN A CIRCLE SYMBOL
WAS FOUND ON THEIR
CAR! BUT..."

THAT
DON'T PROVE
ANY CONNECTION
WITH THE RECENT
RATE OF UFO
SIGHTINGS!

OH, COME ON,
RICK! I'VE HEARD OF
SKEPTICS BEFORE...
BUT YOU'RE
REALLY TOO...

WAIT!

LISTEN...
THAT VOICE...
HALTING...
WHISPERY...

1... WOULD... LIKE... TO...
INSPECT... YOUR... FILES...
REGARDING... THE... RECENT...
SIGHTINGS... OR... STRANGE...
AIRBORNE... VEHICLES...

DOLLA YUS OF THE LONE RANGER
AND TONTO CIRCUMSTECTLY
SPYING ON THE BAD GUYS FROM
BEHIND CONVENIENT BOULDERS
PLUSH- REGISTERED AS WE WEEBED
AROUND THE POSTWAY AT...

HIM! IT'S THE
SAME MAN IN
BLACK!

YOU TOO?
WELL, COME BACK
TOMORROW!

WE'RE CLOSING
THE FILE
ROOM UP FOR THE
NIGHT AS SOON AS
THE OTHER PEOPLE
ARE FINISHED...

SO... IT'S
A SMALL TOWN,
ISN'T IT?

YOU SEE...
HE ASKED ABOUT
THE UFO SIGHTINGS!
HE WANTS TO SEE
HOW MUCH WE
KNOW...

SURE! AND
THEN THE BUG-
EYED SPACE
MONSTERS WILL
INVADe AN
UNSUPECTING
EARTH!

YOU CAN BE JUST
AS SARCASTIC AS
YOU WANT... BUT...
MAYBE YOU ARE
RIGHT; I'D LIKE
TO FOLLOW HIM...
JUST TO BESURE...

AND HE'LL
WANT TO FIND
THE NAMES AND
ADDRESSES OF WITNESSES
... SO HE AND THE
OTHERS CAN MURDER
THEM!



SURE...
ALWAYS TIME
FOR A MOONLIGHT
RIDE WITH A
BEAUTIFUL CHICK!

...IT GETS COLD IN THE WINTER IN
INDIANA... ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT.
I WAS FREEZING, BUT...

HEY...
AREN'T YOU
COLD? YOU FORGOT
YOUR COAT IN THE
NEWSPAPER
OFFICE.

HOW CAN YOU
WORRY ABOUT A TRIVIAL
THING LIKE BEING COLD
AT A TIME LIKE THIS? THIS
IS SERIOUS! LOOK...
UP AHEAD! THE MODEL
T IS PULLING INTO
A CLEARING.

IT WAS THE BIGGEST MOTHER
OF A MACHINE I'D EVER
SEEN... GLOWING WITH A
SICKENING GREEN LUMIN-
ESCENCE... GLEAMING
AND FORMIDABLE...

--AND AS ALIEN
AS HELL!

WHAT THE?! I
DON'T BELIEVE IT! TAKE
ME AWAY.. THIS IS IT...
GET THE STRAIGHT JACKET
AND LOCK ME UP IN THE
RUBBER ROOM...!



I THOUGHT ON THAT LAST PART
FOR JUST A SECOND BUT THEN SHE
RAISED HER TENACLE TO ANSWER ME...

...A BUG-
EYED MONSTER
FROM OUTER
SPACE...?

WENDY...
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING? LET'S BE
A LITTLE DISCREET
ABOUT THIS
GIG, HUH?

WAIT A
MINUTE,
DAMMIT!

YOU'RE NOT COLD.
BUT YOU ARE A STRANGER
WHO RAILED ME OUT FOR
NO REASON... LURED ME INTO
THIS WHOLE SCIENCE
FICTION FREAK-OUT
YOU GOTTA BE...



YOU TOOK THE
WORDS RIGHT OUT
OF MY MOUTH! YOU'RE
THE MURDERER... AND
YOUR NEXT VICTIM
ME... A GUY WHO'S
LEARNT A LITTLE
TOO MUCH!

THE SLIMY MASS OF GRADE-B SCIENCE FICTION WHICH HAD MASQUERADED AS WENDY PULLED THE CAR TO A STOP AND ISSUED A GUTTURAL COMMAND...

GET OUT OF THE CAR, MY FRIEND!

THANKS, BUT...

NO THANKS,
I'VE GOT A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT... WITH LIFE!

I SLAMMED THE DOOR AND KICKED THE ACCELERATOR... SPRAYS OF TURF SPWUNG UPON ME. THE MEN IN BLACK GALVANIZED INTO SHOCKED INACTION... SHRIEING THEIR IMPORTANT RAGE... THEY KNEW IT WAS FUTILE...



I ESCAPED BY THE SKIN OF MY TEETH AS THEY SAY NOW, IN MY RENTED ROOM, I AM, WRITING ALL THIS DOWN. IF I'D WAITED UNTIL TOMORROW I MIGHT THINK IT WAS ALL A BAD DREAM...

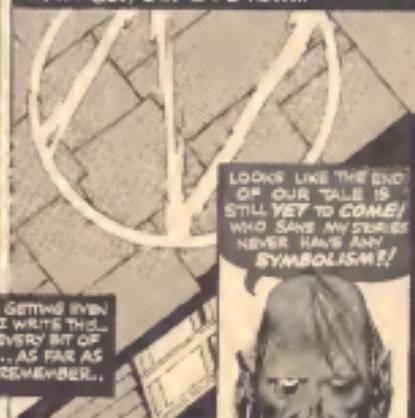


EVEN NOW I FIND THE WHOLE THING MORE THAN SLIGHTLY PREPOSTEROUS. I MEAN, THINGS LIKE THAT JUST DON'T HAPPEN MAN! AND FORGET THE CRISP, EXPLICIT REPORTAGE STYLE OF WRITING... I CAN'T BE UNEMOTIONAL ABOUT THIS—IT'S TOO FANTASTIC!



THINGS ARE GETTING EVEN HAZIER AS I WRITE THIS... ALTHOUGH EVERY BIT OF IT IS TRUE... AS FAR AS I CARE TO REMEMBER...

SO I'VE ESCAPED... FROM A SITUATION WHICH MIGHT ONLY HAVE OCCURRED IN MY IMAGINATION ANYWAY. EITHER WAY, THANK GOD, I'M SAFE NOW...



LOOKS LIKE THE END OF OUR TALE IS STILL YET TO COME! WHO SAYS MY STORIES NEVER HAVE ANY SYMBOLISM!

DECEMBER 22, 1978 9:00 PM

THE BODILY SANTA CLAUS IS TIRED! HIS ARMS ACHÉ FROM DRIVING, FORLORN CLAWING REACHES OUT INTO THE CROWDED CITY NIGHT AND IS UNHEARD...YET STILL THE BODILY SANTA CONTINUES HIS MONOTONOUS RHYTHM.

BEHIND HIM, IN THE SHADOWS, A FIGURE...URGING...WATCHING...AND GLARES MATERIALLY!



THE FIGURE STARS! DEPART CITY SCAMPS PRESS IN UPON HIS SPINE IN LUDICROUS MANNER AND HIS EYES ARE STUCK OPEN AND INTRACTABLY DRAINED OF LIFE IN FROZEN-LASH VENE.

His EYES ARE SHUT! HE REALIZES THAT HIS BLOODED MUSCLES ARE TIGHTLY STRETCHED AND THE ANGUISH HAS RESTORING.

YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT!

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

AARRGG!

BAM BAM



Not a CREATURE was STIRRING...

I AM YOUR MY ADVICE IS ROUND ON HOLES WHERE COMES MY LAST PULSATING PULSELESS OF WISDOM YMMWHAH!



DECEMBER 23, 1978

6:47 PM

ONE DIFFERENT THING. MYSELF AND YANNI
WOULD MAKE A GOOD TEAM. SANTA CLAUS,
WE THOUGHT OTHERWISE. NO HERE HE STANDS.
BELL IN HAND, UNFOLDING HIS SLEIGH AND TACKLE
CLOTHES ON BACK. HE'S GOING TO TRY IT.

ONE OF THE LAST THINGS
HE SAID TO US WAS, "DON'T
WORRY, I'LL GET OVER IT."

GREEN SPEAKS AND TURNED
WOMEN. IF THIS WILL BE THE
NIGHT, IT TAKES THEIR STAKE-
OUT WILL SUCCEED. AND THE
SANTA CLAUS KILLER WILL
STRIKE AT ARM!

BEING OUT IN
THE GROD DOES
YOU A LOTTA GOOD, DAVE.

YOU BET
MR. GREEN
FOR HAVING
IN BORN UP
FOR ALL THE
STAKE-OUTS
THAT HAVE YOU
WHAT'S FOR
ADMIRAL'S
PLANAC...

PUT A LITTLE
JEWEL IN YOUR
CHRISTMAS SHOE
FEAR YOU
LOVE THESE
KIND OF ASSIGN-
MENTS

THE
PEACEKEEPER
WISHES
YOU'D
GET
PISTERRED!

MAKING THEM
WITH A BELL IN
YOUR XMAS SHOE
YOU DON'T GET
BETTER WITH
TEMPERATURES
ABOVE
30 BELOW
ZERO...

I DON'T STOP
BY TO TEAR
YOUR LIFE
APART. JUST
WANTED YOU'D
KNOW TILL WE
COVERING YOU
FROM A
DISTANCE!

YOU RESEARCHED
VETERANS
GET ALL THE
BREAKS!

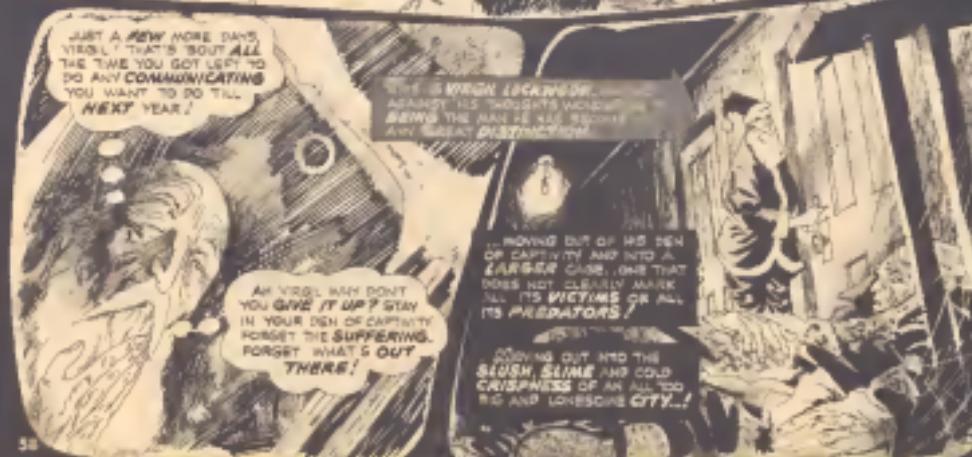


DECEMBER 23, 1978 6:53 PM

TUNNER FACES INTO THE AMERICAN WHIPLASH TO LET HIS ADVING BELL-AIR REST. THE WORST IS YET TO COME HE REALIZES FOR NOW HE HAS TO SELL CHRISTMAS CHEES AT THE PASSERSBY AND HOPING ONE OF THEM IS THE MAN WHO HAS SLAUGHTERED FIVE SIDE-WALK SANTA CLAUSES.



IT IS JUST COLORED ICE WATER
THAT SAVES MOST OF TURNERS
SHALL ICE WATER THAT GIVES
UNDER HIS ASSAILANT'S FOOT
THE FLOOR STILL CONNECTS BUT
IT IS A LITTLE MORE THAN A
GLANCING BLOW.



DECEMBER 23, 1978 10:17 PM

Detective Second Grade David Turner happily tastes his first ashcan if this were a December night earlier in his life perhaps he might have been able to find a way to wash his memories away!

AT LEAST THE FORECAST IS FOR REAL SNOW THIS CHRISTMAS EVE



THESE TWO WORD ANSWERS ARE GOING TO RUIN THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

I'M SORRY IT'S JUST THIS CHRISTMAS BLUES DEPRESSION. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN HAVING A POSE OF IT YOURSELF.

IT'S THE SANTA CLAUS CASE THAT'S DOING IT, ISN'T IT?

HOW DO YOU DO IT, CLAUS? WHAT DO YOU USE...A DIVINA BOARD FOR YOUR MIND-READING ACT?



PEOPLE DON'T NEED THINGS LIKE THAT WHEN THEY...WHEN THEY COME TO KNOW SOMEONE!

YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS... I KEEP WONDERING WHY I'M COVERED WITH HAVING TO REMEMBER SO VIVIDLY WHAT ALL THOSE SANTA CLAUS CORPSES LOOKED LIKE!

YOU'VE BEEN ANGRYER LATELY. YOU HAVEN'T PLAYED THE ROLE OF THE ROMANTIC AS FERVENTLY!

HOW MANY MORE HAVE TO DIE BEFORE THE TERROR ENDS? ...AND WHEN THE SANTA CLAUSES ARE OFF THE STREET...WHO DOES HE KILL NEXT?

JUST BE CAREFUL PAKE THAT'S ALL I POINT WANT TO LOSE YOU...THERE'S JUST NOT THAT MUCH LEFT IN THE WORLD FOR ME...NOTHING MUCH AT ALL.



DECEMBER 23, 1978 10:22 PM

ROLLINGWOOD SADLY DROPS DOWN INTO
YOUNG BOY'S EYES THAT ARE FILLED WITH
TEARS! UNDERBATH HIS
HAND, HE CAN FEEL THE STURDY FRAME
OF A GROWING BOY...

BUT YOU'VE
GOT TO
BELIEVE IN
A MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
SON...

I JUST DON'T SEE
HOW SANTA CAUSE
I AINT GOT NO PAP
I AND MY MOMS SICK
AHL... I JUST DONT
SEE HOW IT'S
GOING TO BE
MERRY!

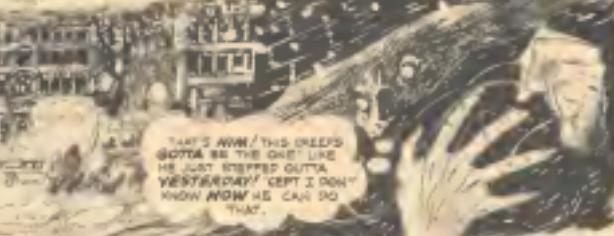
HOW TO YOU
ANSWER THAT
QUESTION?
AND ANSWER
YOU RASHLY IT!
ALL SANTA
CLAU'S?

IT'S GONNA BE
AWESOME WHEN YOU
LAUGH! OLD SANTA
HE KNOWS IT'S GONE
TOOK IT, TRY IT FIRST
BUT SANTA TRY IT FIRST
YOU LAUGH FIRST THEN
YOU'LL SEE HOW IT'S GONNA
BE AWESOME.

NOW YOU GO
BUY YOUR MOTHERA
SOMETHIN PRETTY!
YOU TELL HER
IT'S FOR YOU
AND SANTA,
OKAY!

AND WHEN YOU
SEE HER SMILE YOU
LAUGH THEN CAUSE
THAT'S THE PRESENT
SHE WANTS YOU
TRY IT SON AHL...

MERRY
CHRISTMAS!



DECEMBER 24, 1978

11:38 PM

IT'S A TYPICAL CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE SATH PRECINCT, WHICH MAKES IT ALL THE MORE DIFFERENT FOR **PATRICK TURNER** TO RELAX, AS THE MADRID VINES SURROUND HIM, THEY HAD TO BRAKE THE HANGERS BEING THE VICTIM OF HIS ROPES.

HE INVOKES HE WERE WITH CLAIRE DUNSON SEEKING SOME SHELTER IN HER WARDROBE, STYLING HER HAIR OF CHRISTMAS DAY AND DEATH.

I'VE HEARD
EVERYTHING
YOU VE...

HEY TURNER GOT A CALL HERE
RIGHT GIVE YA SOMETHING ON
THAT SANTA CLAUS CASE,

LADY OH HERE SAYS THERE'S
SOME KINDA PERVERT HIDING
IN AN ALLEY WATCHING ONE OF
THEM SALVATION ARMY SANTA'S.

WELL, HOW COME
YOU'RE LOOKING AT ME
WITH THEM BLANK EYES?
I JUST TOLD YOU I SAY
ONE OF THEM GUYS IS IT?

KEEP HER ON!
I'LL TAKE IT!

IT'S A WORLD FULL OF SHAMERS!
AND FEEDING TOMS! AND MEN LIKE
THIS ASSHOLE OF SIEGE, LYING IN
THE SHADOWS! AND I'VE BEEN HE'S
NOT SOMETHING IN HIS HANDS TOO,
AN INSTRUMENT OF THE PEW!

UFO'S

FLYING SAUCER
TYPE THINGS!

I KNOW WHAT
THEY ARE!

THIS IS DETECTIVE
TURNER SPEAKING,
COULD YOU...

O'BRIEN, GET A CAR READY, I
THINK WE'D BETTER CHECK THIS
OUT, JUST TO BE SURE.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME
YOU'VE SEEN ONE OF
THESE SAUCER THINGS,
MAHAN?

YOU LISTEN TO ME, DETECTIVE
WHO-EVER YOU ARE! WHAT
KIND OF HARSH IS THIS, I
ASK YOU IT WELL, IT'S ONE
HEARTED, FOR THE JUNGLE-
MENT RANK THAT'S WHAT!

OF COURSE, IT IS. TELL YOU
SOMETHING ELSE, FROM WHAT
I COULD SEE, IT DIDN'T LOOK
ANYTHING LIKE THEM SHOW IN
THOSE NIGHTS, AND IT'S /
NOT NO NOW!!

DECEMBER 24, 1978 11:47 PM

SOCIAL PAYNTER'S DOES NOT FEEL THE AGES OF SNOW OR THE KEEPING WIND THAT LANCES THESE STREETS.
ANOTHER INVESTIGATION FINDS HER BEING A FIGURE THAT IS CONTINUALLY HARBED BY THE FURTIVE MOVEMENTS
OF THE FIGURE WHICH LURKS IN THE ALLEY.

NO TELLING WHAT THAT
ANOTHER PERSON IS DOING IN
THOSE AND THOSE COPS
CORRUPT AS HAM,
PROBABLY JUST TAKE
THEIR OWN SWEET TIME...

THEY DON'T CARE WHETHER
KIND OF VICES HAPPEN IN
OUR CITY!

BE STRONG, ALMA.
THERE'S GOT TO BE
SOME OF US WHO'LL
LET THESE SINNERS
KNOW!

REPENT YOU
SAVAGE BLAST-
PREMIER! COME
OUT FROM THOSE
SHADOWS AND EJECT THE
LIGHTS!



MORAL KNOWS THIS FIGURE HAS KILLED OTHERS.
HE KNOWS THIS IS THE FIGURE THE NEWSPAPERS
HAVE LABELED 'SANTA CLAUS KILLER!' AND HE
KNOWS THE FIGURE INTENDS TO KILL HIM.

DECEMBER 24, 1978 11:52 PM

THE SENSE INSIDE THE SQUAD CAR IS DIFFUSIVE TURNER
SEEKS THE STYLING — FOR
SOURCE ONLY KNOWS CLAUDIO'S
PLANNING VARIOUS STYLING.
IT'S TWO IN THE
CLOUDS FEELING THAT HE HAS
HAD THIS RIDE BEFORE....

WHY CAN'T THE WITCHES
AND THE FAIRY TALES
BE TRUE FOR JUST ONE
DAY? CURRENTLY CAN'T
THE ANGELS BE REALITY
FOR JUST ONE NIGHT?

HEY, YOU VS
CHANGED,
DO YOU
KNOW THAT?

CHANGED?
WHAT DO
YOU MEANT?



UNTIL ONE DAY YOU
STOP SOMEBODY REVEALS
SOME INSIGHT ABOUT YOUR-
SELF AND YOU WONDER
HOW YOU BECAME THE
PERSON YOU NOW ARE.

HEY, GAVE YOU
MIND TELLIN' ME
ONE THING?

WHAT'S
THAT?

HOW COME
YOU NEVER
SPEAK
ENGLISH?

DECEMBER 24, 1978 11:53 PM

IT IS QUITE A BIT LIKE A MIDNIGHT
MOM WOULD TRY TO VETO... THOUGH
HE FEELS LITTLE LIKE A BABY
COMPARING AS HE SENSES THE PUNGLING
MIXTURE OF EMOTIONS
SHIELDED AT HOME, HE IS GATHERED
AT THE FIGURE HE PORTRAYS...

HATRED IS THE MOST
OBVIOUS EMOTION, A VICIOUS,
LONG-NURTURED DESIRE FOR
REVENGEANCE... LACED WITH
FEAR AND FEARISH GLIMPSES
IN EYES TWISTED IN ANGUISH.

YOU MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE
SANTA, AND I'LL MAKE YOU
FIGHT WHERE YOU'RE
STANDING! YOU OUGHT THAT?



WHY WOULD YOU WANT
TO DO THAT? DON'T HOW
CAN ONE SO YOUNG HATE
SO VIOLENTLY?

HOW OLD ARE YOU?
SEVENTEEN? EIGHTEEN
AT THE MOST?



I HAVEN'T BEEN YOUNG
SINCE IT WAS SEVEN YEARS
GONE BACK TO '66.
AND IT'S ALL YOUR
FAULT, YOUNGSTER. YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

JUST AS I REMEMBER THE TELEGRAM GOING TO
THE HOUSE. JUST AS I REMEMBER WHAT IT DID TO
MOM AND DAD AND ME.



DECEMBER 24, 1978 11:57 PM

PERHAPS HE WAS JUST TRYING TO MAKE
THE HOLIDAY EASIER TO LIVE WITH SON.

ATTENTION ALL CARS BE
ON THE LOOKOUT FOR
THIS VEHICLE AND BE SIGHTED
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE
AREA.

NOW WHO IN THEIR
RIGHT MINDS WOULD
WANT TO INVADE
THIS PLACE?

AIN'T NO WAY YOU'RE
GONNA TALK ME OUTTA THIS.
I JUST WANTED YOU TO
KNOW WHY THIS TURNED

THE HOLIDAY
CHEER IS REALLY
... O'SIENNS!

IT'S HERE!
OVER THERE!

IT MAKES IT
BETTER YOU
KNOWS WHY
YOU'RE GONNA...

MAN, ON DANE I'M GONNA
TRY AN' PUT THIS HEAP
RIGHT BETWEEN THOSE TWO.

SCORPIONEEEEE

YOU RIDE!
I'M WALKING...

HEY!

DECEMBER 24, 1978 11:58 PM



DECEMBER 25, 1978 MIDNIGHT

FOR A MOMENT TURNER FATHES HE HEARS DISTANT TRAVERSING GROWNS. HIS EYES SEE THE SOURCE OF THE NOISE AND TRY TO REGISTER OR SOMETHING... SOMETHING HE IS NOT QUITE SURE HE HAS REALLY SEEN.

“GEEWHAT'S WHAT'S THAT OVERAHEAD?”

“LIVE WHAT'S”

“I DON'T KNOW! SOMEONE IS IN THERE...”

“AAAAARRGGH

THE THREE MEN STAND, STANDING MUTE, HEARING VOICES OF Faint LAUGHTER AND CHIMES THAT DILLY AMBOWE ANOTHER CHRISTMAS DAY!

TURNER IS STUNNED. HIS MIND ANDIES THE PHYSICAL FACTS IN THE SAME PROCEDURE HE HAS USED THROUGH-OUT HIS LIFE...

SOMETHING IS RUN THEM OVER; BEEN TRAMPLED TO DEATH!!

COLUMBIA, BEEN THAT U.F.O., THEY VS BEEN SIGHTED, THAT COULD TA BEEN, NOW, IT ANTIPSSIBLY...

HE KNOWS THE INCIDENT WILL ADD TO A LOST EVENT, THAT HE WILL PROBABLY NEVER BE ABLE TO FATHOM THROUGH-OUT HIS LIFE, YET HE KNOWS IT IS OVER, KNOWS THAT HE AND OTHERS WILL LEAVE THIS ROOF-TOP ALIVE!

HE'S FINALLY GOTTEN THE CHRISTMAS HE WANTED, BUT HE REALLY DESERVED PEACE AT LAST...

AND SO ENDS ANOTHER CREEPY CHRISTMAS PACKAGE OF GORE-ISH PEEPINGS. HERE'S HOPING YOUR HOLIDAYS ARE AS FRIGHTFULLY HAPPY AS MINE HAVE BEEN, LITTLE GHOUL / WELL SEE YOU COME THE NEW YEAR...!”

CREEPY COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE? ACT NOW!



**BEEN FEELING EERIE
LATELY?**
**CREEPIFY YOURSELF BY
SENDING FOR THESE
MONSTERIFIC
BACK ISSUES!**



When ordering items, please use Master Coupon, last page of this magazine.

CREEPY'S CAT & COMBS

A SNEAKY DOUBLE-BARRELED PROFILE OF

W.R. MOHALLEY A BEHIND-THE-SCENES WARREN STAR...

T

housands of letters pour into the offices of Warren Publishing each day. And out of every thousand or two, there's always one letter from this little six-year old kid down in Phenix City, Alabama, who demands to know about "Mo" and why he's in his name. It appears on the comments page of every Warren magazine.

In response to the overwhelming demand of mail from this brain-damaged Alabama lad, we present this special double-barreled profile of the behind-the-scenes man who made Warren Publishing what it is today!



W. Mohalley, or "The Kid," is known around the Warren offices as the one man responsible for the success of CREEPY, FEAR-EITE and VAMPIRELLA magazines. He spends his days running over the office floor board, shifting the lumps of rubber cement as he pastes together the interior sections. You can't fail to notice him the moment you open the contents pages of the three Warren magazines.

The Kid likes to sign his artistic accomplishments so we let him put his name on the contents page of every issue.

When the kid isn't especially busy drawing and doodling at the office, he whisks off to the nearby playground to play with his rubber cement jar, pasting together the letters, numbers and contents pages of his favorite lavishly illustrated magazines.

PLAYBOY, PENTHOUSE, and OUI.

DuBose arrives in the office in an off mood, we send The Kid in to see him. He generally returns to his desk, where he sits and broods. But if he leaves both editor and publisher in a tolerable mood, he'll be the remainder of the day.

The Kid was born and raised in the Bronx section of New York. You can tell instantly upon meeting him. His Bronx accent is...uh...like Bronx accents.

The Kid likes to sign his artistic accomplishments so we let him put his name on the contents page of every issue.

His goals in life? To become a millionaire with his rubber cement jar, pasting together the letters, numbers and contents pages of his favorite lavishly illustrated magazines.



NOW'S YOUR CHANCE! TELL US WHAT YOU LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT THE WARREN MAGAZINES!

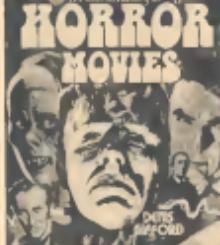
We're inviting the readers of all Warren Magazines to answer this special questionnaire. It will take just a minute of your time...and it should be fun. And of course, we're interested in your opinions.

1. What made you buy this magazine?
 - Less than six months
 - Six months to a year
 - One year to two years
 - Two years or more
2. How long have you been reading CREEPY?
 - Less than six months
 - Six months to a year
 - One year to two years
 - Two years or more
3. How often do you buy CREEPY?
 - Fanatically (9 issues a year)
 - Frequently (5-8 issues a year)
 - Occasional (3-4 issues a year)
 - That's my first issue
 - I have a subscription
4. What other magazines do you read regularly?
 - None
 - One
 - Two
 - Three
 - Four
 - Five
 - Six
 - Seven
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 - Thirteen
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A MONSTER-SIZED COLLECTION OF BOOKS ON HORROR & SCI-FI FILMS!

HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES

A Pictorial History of



Famous Robert Sherwood and film critic Ernest L. Goffin have joined forces to present this unique pictorial history of horror movies. From the silent days of early cinema to the present, this book reveals all the major milestones in the history of the genre.

THE HOUSE OF HORRORS



JAMES BOND IN THE CINEMA

JAMES BOND

JAMES BOND

JOHN BROMAN

TWO OF RAY
HARRYHAUSEN'S
GREATEST
FANTASY

FILMS THE VOYAGE OF SINBAD! AND JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS!

YMIK THE CYCLOPS CREATURE! GIANT BIRDS!
WINGED HARPIES! SWORDFIGHTING
MONSTROUS MOVING STATUES!
A FEAST OF FEARFUL IMAGINATION!

4 REELS
TO EACH
FEATURE

The world's greatest monster and special effects and tank photography has created millions of motion picture classics with the best array of imagination in Ray Harryhausen's films. Now you can own these prime copies of the fantastic creature movies in these two sets. "THE VOYAGE OF SINBAD" and "JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS" and each of these sets contains four 16mm feature films. Ever ready to fight, there's the giant bird of monsters and fierce cyclopes man in these 2 sets. You'll never be disappointed. These sets will bring you more fun than you can imagine. And they're priced to fit your budget. You can't miss this!

ORDER ALL 8 FILMS TODAY!



The 4 films of 7th Voyage of Sinbad:

THE CYCLOPS
STRANGE VISION
THE CURSE OF
THE CYCLOPS
\$1.45

ERIK MARINER
DRACULA
DRACULA'S
LAW
\$1.45

BOTTLE MAN TO
THE QUADRUPEL
\$1.45

The 4 films of Jason & the Argonauts:

THE CYCLOPS
STRANGE VISION
THE CURSE OF
THE CYCLOPS
\$1.45

ERIK MARINER
DRACULA
DRACULA'S
LAW
\$1.45

BOTTLE MAN TO
THE QUADRUPEL
\$1.45

BOTTLE MAN TO
THE QUADRUPEL
\$1.45

BOTTLE MAN TO
THE QUADRUPEL
\$1.45

NEW HORROR FILMS WITH THEIR OWN SOUND TRACKS!

At LAST! RKO & Supersound present 10 new Horror Films on 16mm Sound Track with their own FULL SOUNDTRACK RECORD #151! How can this be done? - With Amway 2000! Get your purchase price of a FREE 33 1/3 RPM SOUNDTRACK album to play right along with the film full symphonic orchestrations & sound effects especially recorded to add a new dimension to horror film fans the day!



FRANKENSTEIN
THE BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN
THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN
DRACULA
FU MANCHU
THE HOUSE OF FU MANCHU
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THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN
DRACULA
FU MANCHU
THE HOUSE OF FU MANCHU
\$1.45



COSMIC MONSTERS
\$1.45

VOYAGE TO THE
BOTTOM OF THE SEA
\$1.45

MOVIE MONSTER KITS!

"GLOW" FRANKENSTEIN

The most famous
Movie Monster that
Kaliifornia's made
in the last year ever
produced!

Now you can
have him
standing
across your
bookshelf!
Turn to
last page of
magazine & order
this 10-1/2" high
"GLOW" FRANKENSTEIN \$2.50

"GLOW" FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMARE

He's been dead
and forever, he
chained to his
prison wall in
the depths of the
Corse Castle!
The man cursed
wrongfully will
send his curse
like a lightning
strike! #2406
FORGOTTEN
PRISONER OF
CASTLEMARE
\$2.50

"GLOW" CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

Now you can
call the
gurgling
ghoul who's
over 300,000 years
old! One of the
fiercest folk-heroes
of the Florida Keys
is re-created to
perfection! #2429
CREATURE FROM THE
BLACK LAGOON
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"GLOW" GODZILLA

Atomic Energy has
brought him back!
He, after a long
million years of
extinction, has
prowls, rampages
through cities,
nations, continents
and even your
own bookshelf!
The most popular
Japanese film
monster! #2430
8-1/2" tall
of the big "G"
town-terrifying
Godzilla! #2431
GO-DZILLA \$2.50

"GLOW" OLD WITCH

You've seen her
before...she's
back again! She's
the giant, she
has no hair over
her head! What
a complex, hairy
old cat! Look into
her big brown
eyes and admit
he doesn't
spit! #2432
OLD WITCH \$2.50

"GLOW" DRACULA

Nine inches of
nunching terror!
That's what this
made of the
refined Count
is! His hands are
outstretched, as
he beckons
his victim! It
might be YOU!
Help a vampire
get to you
#2433 CERTAINLY
A MUST for terror
breakfast Order
#2404 DRACULA
\$2.50

"GLOW" MUMMY

Scaling steadily
forth from the tomb
of the evil Pharaohs
he plods.
His shroud-like
tunic that now
hangs in fest
waves when Dark magic
is used, rules
the World! Now he
crawls and creeps
awards... ploping
TO KILL YOU
#2433 MUMMY
\$2.50

"GLOW" CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

He catches his
neck in agony! The
serum is taking
effect! His skin
feels strange, new
beastly hair is
sprouting
quickly!
After all the pains
of his transforming
body! His soul, too,
is writhing, growing
more and more! #2431
DR. JEKYLL AS MR.
HYDE \$2.50

"GLOW" KING KONG

The King of
Kong! The
Tet's here
and he's here all
He's the giant,
he numbers over
9' tall, with a tiny
hand, a tiny
wrist, a tiny
waist! You can
bring Kong back
to life to protect
you or your
hobby! Well! One's
here to get the
job done! #2434
KING KONG \$2.50

Give your love classic Horror Film Characters
Atomic Era Ma Model Kits made of Styrene plastic
You can bent them yourself with quick dry cement
and watch them blow in the dark. Perfect!

"GLOW" PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Erik, the evil
and tortured Mid
Phantom of the great
Paris Opera House!
Glorious! #2435
The Dark Face
of sheer Terror!
Scared and torn
damaged face
is perfect for all the
world! 8" high
Order #2405
PHANTOM OF
THE OPERA
\$2.50

"GLOW" WEREWOLF

It's a bad moon
on the rise! The
sore wind now
ruffles his shaggy
branch—the
ghostly gray
evening air is
filled with the
sound of the rugged
pantings of a ferocious
wolf—but... THEN HE
TURNS! His fangs gleaming
at you! Talons sink
into your throat.
TO KILL YOU
#2433 WEREWOLF
\$2.50

"GLOW" HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

Quasimodo!
Ring church bells
and kidnapping
Gypsy damsels,
but nothing for
torture, nothing for
deformity! Scene is of
Quasimodo in
torment. #2406
HUNCHBACK
OF NOTRE
DAME \$2.50

"GLOW" OLD WITCH

You've seen her
before...she's
back again! She's
the giant, she
has no hair over
her head! What
a complex, hairy
old cat! Look into
her big brown
eyes and admit
he doesn't
spit! #2432
OLD WITCH \$2.50

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